JOHN BULL, week ending Oct. 16, 1943

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXII. 1895

3D EVERY THURSDAY

WOMEN CALL-UP BUNGLE by The EDITOR

EXPLOITS OF THE PHANTOM MAJOR

FRANCE'S PLACE IN THE PICTURE By A.G.G.

. . . There's nothing like a GUINNESS after a hard day's work

GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

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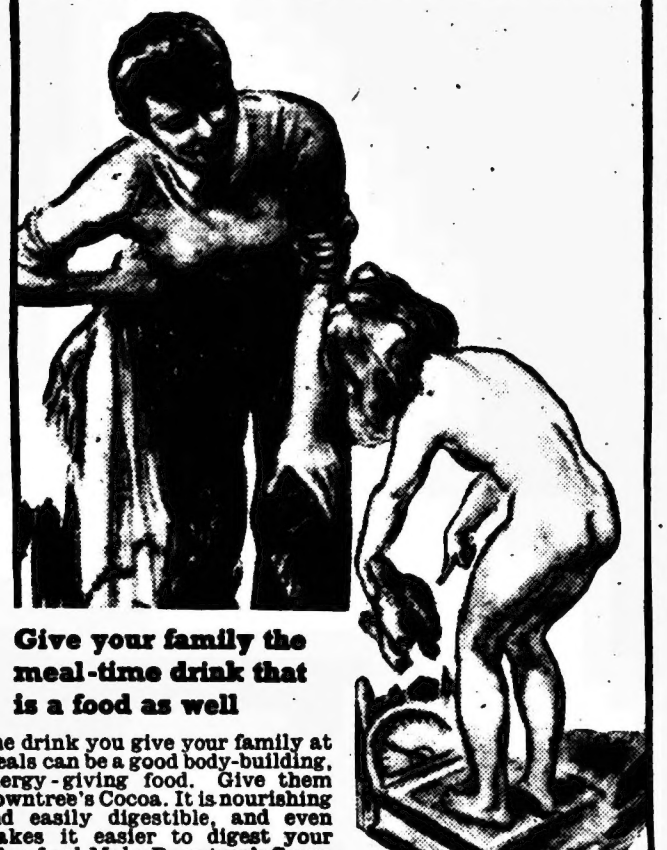


Give your family the meal-time drink that is a food as well

The drink you give your family at meals can be a good body-building, energy-giving food. Give them Rowntree's Cocoa. It is nourishing and easily digestible, and even makes it easier to digest your other food. Make Rowntree's Cocoa your regular meal-time drink.

Rowntree's Cocoa makes every meal go further

SHOW RING CONDITION

results from regular use of Benbow's, relied on by breeders and owners since 1835. Give your dog this great tonic, too. For wartime feeding hints, send penny stamp to Benbow's Dog Mixture Co. Ltd., (Dept. J.B.) 26, Copers Cope Road, Beckenham, Kent.

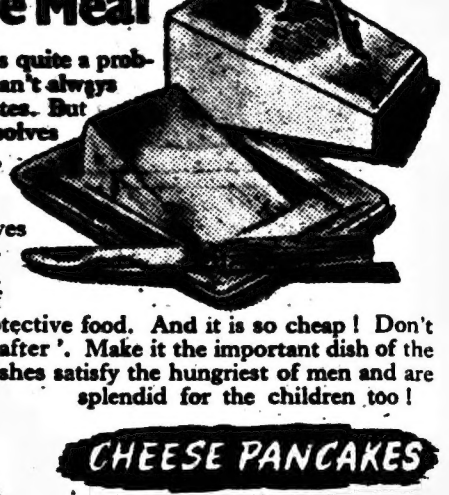
At Chemists and Corn Merchants

Your Dog will keep fit on—

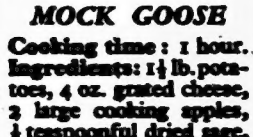
BENBOW'S DOG MIXTURE

FOOD FACTS

A Man-size Meal



Feeding the family is quite a problem these days. You can't always fall back on old favourites. But your extra *cheese* ration solves the problem. Cheese, the doctors say, can take the place of meat. Weight for weight it gives you more body-building material than meat. It's a grand source of energy and a good protective food. And it is so cheap! Don't think of cheese as an 'after'. Make it the important dish of the meal. Tasty cheese dishes satisfy the hungriest of men and are splendid for the children too!



MOCK GOOSE

Cooking time: 1 hour. **Ingredients:** 1½ lb. potatoes, 4 oz. grated cheese, 2 large cooking apples, ½ teaspoonful dried sage, ½ of a pint vegetable stock, 1 tablespoonful flour, pepper and salt. **Quantity:** Four helpings. **Method:** Scrub and slice potatoes thinly, slice apples, grate cheese. Grease a fireproof dish, place a layer of potatoes in it, cover with apple and a little sage, season lightly and sprinkle with cheese, repeat layers leaving potatoes and cheese to cover. Pour in ¼ pint of the stock, cook in a moderate oven for ¾ of an hour. Blend flour with remainder of stock, pour into dish and cook for another ¼ of an hour. Serve as a main dish with a green vegetable.

When you change your address you must take your Food Ration Book and your identity card to your National Registration Office and to your Food Office. Your address can then be altered on your book and card.

CHEESE PANCAKES

Cooking time: 15 minutes. *Ingredients:* 2 eggs (2 level tablespoonfuls of dried egg mixed with 4 tablespoonfuls of water), ¼ pint milk, 4 tablespoonfuls flour, 1 teaspoonful of baking powder, 4 oz. cheese, salt to taste, fat for frying. *Method:* Blend the flour, baking powder and mixed eggs smoothly, add sufficient milk to make a thick, smooth batter. Beat for 10 minutes. Add rest of milk, the grated cheese and salt. Heat a little fat in the frying pan till smoking hot, pour in a thin layer of batter, fry until golden brown on both sides. Turn out, roll, serve with a sprinkling of shredded cheese.

NEWS ABOUT DRIED EGG

All the shops should now have had enough to supply one package or tin to every customer registered with them for shell eggs. If you have not yet had your tin, you should make sure of it by asking for it this week.

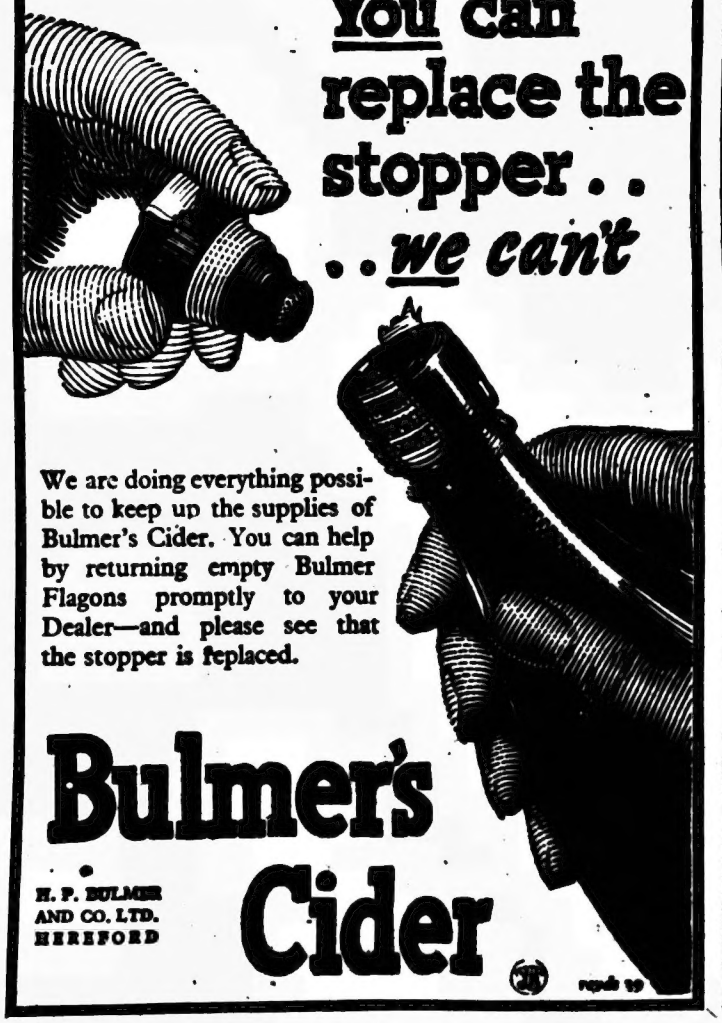
From now until Saturday, October 17th, retailers who have any left will be able to supply extra tins to any registered customer, even if the original "one tin per book" has been supplied. There will be no marking of Ration Books during that period.

The second distribution of Dried Egg will begin on October 18th. This time the *new* Ration Book will be marked to show each purchase.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT EVERY MORNING at 8.15

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 117

You can replace the stopper.. ..we can't



We are doing everything possible to keep up the supplies of Bulmer's Cider. You can help by returning empty Bulmer Flagons promptly to your Dealer—and please see that the stopper is replaced.

Bulmer's Cider

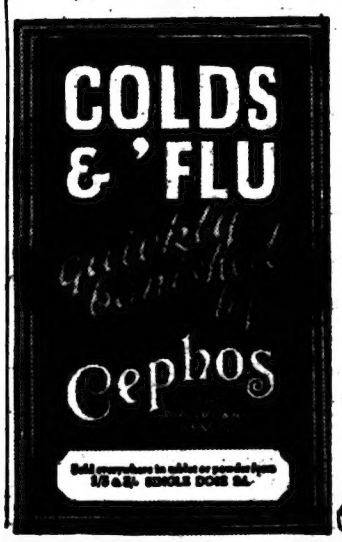
H. P. BULMER AND CO. LTD. HEREFORD

TO SAVE VALUABLE METAL

The patriotic way to buy your Gibbs Dentifrice is in its new battledress refill. This saves the country's metal. Give your teeth a shine with Gibbs in refill form. Popular Size 7d, including tax.

GIVE YOUR TEETH A SHINE WITH **Gibbs DENTIFRICE**

R. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, W.1 GD 2332



FALSE TEETH and proper mastication

A loose denture, besides causing discomfort and embarrassment, makes it impossible for you to masticate your food properly. Correct fitting can, however, be restored by using KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE, specifically prepared *to make false teeth fit firmly.* This tasteless and odourless white powder, sprinkled on the contact surface of the plate, after cleaning, will hold it securely and comfortably in position for many hours. Sprinkler tins for pocket or handbag 1/3d, also large 'Economy' size 3/3d, from all Chemists.

KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE

Also use KOLYNOS DENTURE POWDER for cleaning artificial teeth, 1/3d.

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, October 10, 1942, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

Straight from the Shoulder

NEED FOR SPEED

SOMETIME, somewhere, we shall have to start to win this war.

And we cannot even begin to win unless we choose our objective, stick to it, and attack it with every ounce of strength we can muster.

Is that obvious? Then surely it is equally plain that there is a grave and growing need for us to begin *soon*.

Hitler's Warning

One passage in Hitler's speech last week shone out as a grim red light to us who fight for freedom.

"The British can depend on it that we know how to organise."

We can depend on it. The Germans have a genius for organisation.

Strong Points

They are organising all the peoples of Europe, willing or unwilling, to work against us.

They are organising immensely strong fortifications behind their lines in Russia.

They are organising fortifications no less massive along the coasts of the Continent.

Tough Job

We know how strong those defences are. We know by reason of the losses in the Dieppe raid. We know by reason of the slow and costly progress of the Russian offensive on the Rzhev front.

And if we delay our attack until the enemy defences are complete, then we may indeed suffer the "three or four million casualties" that some American observers gloomily predict.

Hitler's Hopes

For the enemy's strategy is good.

Force the Russians back beyond the Volga. Cut off their central army from oil by taking Stalingrad.

Then organise such defences that half the German forces can be brought back to Europe.

Russia Holds Firm

It is not enough to admire the magnificent valour of the Russians. It is not even enough to enable them to hold out by sending them tanks and guns.

We must consider what the situation would be if we delayed military action so long that Russia—already shorn of nearly all her wheat, half her iron and coal, many of her arms factories—should become exhausted.

State of Alarm

Naturally, our enemies do not wish us to strike before next Spring. They are showing some concern lest we do so.

A state of "constant alert" has been ordered for Norway. Rommel's forces are hurriedly "digging-in and wiring" behind their El Alamein defences.

Civilians are being evacuated from Dakar.

Wise Strategy

Some German experts are even arguing that if we struck at Sicily they should evacuate southern Italy and concentrate on defence of northern Italy and the Brenner Pass!

These worried speculations should be our cue. We should not be inactive this winter; it is wise strategy to do the things your enemy does not wish you to do.

What we Lack

Are we ready to strike? The exact stage of our preparations is known only to the Cabinet and a handful of military advisers.

But at the least it is no secret that this is the fourth year of war—or that twenty-eight months have elapsed since Dunkirk.

One thing, however, is plainly lacking: Unity.

United Strategy

Not unity among the people. That is solid enough.

But united strategy by the United Nations!

We have yet to show that co-operative effort which is essential to victory. Until we do so we cannot even begin to win.

Soothing Syrup

Even the dimmest brain must perceive the need for agreement on military policy by all the countries fighting against the aggressors.

The British public is not dim-brained. It perceives the lack of that agreement with painful clarity. It is not hoodwinked by the soothing assurances which statesmen utter as a nurse might talk to a fretful child.

The need for a united policy by the United Nations shouts across the seas in the agitation for a "Second Front" and in the excuses of those who oppose immediate action.

Looking Ahead

Where, moveover, is the united policy for the United Nations' propaganda?

Where is there unity on international reconstruction after the war?

We have not even discussed how the Atlantic Charter shall be put into effect.

Pep, for War and Peace

Even in our own country there is no agreement on social changes when the war is won. Yet without a sweeping reconstruction of the world—including our own land—our fighting will come to naught.

What an impetus it would give to our war effort if our political Parties made it their common policy to fulfil the pledges of the Atlantic Charter!

Organise

Is there a united policy for war production?

No, in every branch of war activities the United Nations have still to hammer out a united strategy.

We may forgive Hitler his boast of organising ability. We dare not smile at it until we, too, have shown that we can organise for total war.

Coal Common-Sense

We have been stupidly slow to organise that in which we are most rich. For the coal shortage is largely artificial.

The coal is there—as much of it as we want.

We used to have the men—until we clapped the youngest and strongest of them into khaki.

Muddle

The shortage has arisen because of the Government's inexcusable failure to plan. It has resulted in a muddle that is one of the Government's darkest blots.

It will not be remedied unless the Government reorganises both supply and distribution drastically, firmly and *quickly*.

Sorry Story

JOHN BULL was the first to stress the danger of deliberate under-production. That was when mines were being closed down because our foreign markets had disappeared.

Soon the "surplus" became a shortage. JOHN BULL urged the recall of skilled hewers from the Forces.

The Government in its blindness pooh-poohed the idea.

Sacrifice

Then, alarmed at the prospect of munition factories having to close, it hurriedly introduced a complex rationing scheme.

That was sacrificed because some Diehards objected to any kind of rationing.

Too Late

Last week, the Government admitted that it has had to recall 50,000 men to the mines. It has recalled thousands of them from the Army—which once it said was impossible.

A belated step! A small and hesitant step!

What Must be Done

For by no means all of those men are hewers. As the Mineworkers' Federation demands, another 20,000 *hewers* should be released from the Forces.

Moreover, we must concentrate on working the mines from which we can get the most coal in the least time.

Down and Up

It is a fact that production, per man, is falling slightly. That is because the average age of the miners employed is rising, because the youngest men have been taken from the industry.

There may be other causes: the effect of three years of war, the working of remote seams, and so on.

Save Now

Stimulate production, by all means. But organise economy as well—and do it soon!

A simple fuel rationing scheme should be put into effect without further delay.

For how can we strike on the battlefield with adequate power unless coal power is assured to us?

Action we Want

We must strike powerfully and quickly. We must strike because it is a strategic necessity.

WE MUST STRIKE BECAUSE THE TIME IS OPPORTUNE.

(Continued overleaf)

A.R.P. MIX-UP

● It would be an odd army in which every battalion had its own pet method of signalling.

Common-sense demands that throughout an army there should be a standard method of communications.

A.R.P. services are an army—an army engaged on Civil Defence.

One district's A.R.P. uses quite a different method of message from that in the next district—a lack of uniformity that might lead to serious confusion and delay in case of emergency.

For example, wardens in one district near London realised that they would have no contact with headquarters if a certain bridge were destroyed by bombing.

Wisely, they proposed an emergency system of contact with a control post in the next district.

But they found a very different form of message was required by that area's officials—so different that their own form was unintelligible to the control officials.

And the wardens had to master an entirely new system, which reminded them of a "paper exercise."

The Ministry of Home Security would obviously be wise to insist that *one* system of reports, identification codes and similar requirements should be adopted by all detachments of the Civil Defence forces.

FIRE WATCHERS!

IMPORTANT NOTICE

"JOHN BULL" offers free to every civilian reader—including Fire Watchers, Home Guards, Police, N.F.S., Wardens, etc.—an Insurance Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, against Air Raids and Gas Attacks, as well as Invasion and Bombardment.

This Policy covers husband and wife, and provides benefits for death and injury as defined caused by any action of Enemy, Allied or Home Defence Forces anywhere in the United Kingdom.

If you have not yet registered, Registration Forms can be obtained from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

MEANWHILE, Britain's Banqueting Season begins.

In the first week of November a thousand new mayors are appointed.

Normally, that means many hundreds of local authorities inviting county bigwigs to join them in eating their heads off at civic banquets, while the people who pay—rich ratepayers and poor alike—gnash their teeth in vain.

Cabinet's Example

Inquiries in dozens of different centres show that this nonsense is to continue.

"We can only teach them by example," we are told by the Ministry of Food, which is just as well aware as we are of this official gorging.

"The Cabinet, cutting official banquets except for very important guests, asked local authorities to follow suit in April last.

"And Lord Woolton told them he wouldn't attend dinners unless held in British Restaurants."

Looking Important

But something stronger than "example" is needed.

It doesn't help the war effort when a city council, visiting the local electricity station, sends along first a lorry-load of palms, aspidistras, tables, chairs, flowers, vases and crockery.

That happened recently in a Midlands city.

There was no banquet. The City Fathers just wanted to feel important.

Curbing War Effort

And town planning authorities might well cultivate a bit of war-winning austerity.

A Bexley family wants to spend the rest of war time in the country, "growing for Victory."

Three counties have refused them permission to build their own little temporary homestead, although they can get the materials: demand peacetime building specifications or nothing.

Keep Off

We've had similar complaints from all quarters.

You must either find a house, which is next to impossible, build up to pre-war standards, which is quite impossible, or keep off the land.

These people are not shack-minded. They intend to develop their properties up to the best standards when the war is over and proper building materials become available.

Did He Steal ?

On this question of food-growing, a lorry driver sends us his bursting conscience for examination.

Delivering materials for a new aerodrome, he found fields of ripe wheat and barley being crushed into the dust by caterpillar tracks—gathered a sack for his chickens.

"Was it stealing?" he asks.

"After all, we drivers going away empty would willingly have carried it to a place of safety to be threshed."

It Still Goes On!

There's a woman down Kent way—Mrs. Pitt, of Lenham Court, Lenham—who might ask herself a few questions.

For example: "Do I really want that extra parlourmaid for whom I advertised in the *Dover Express*?"

The ad. reveals that there are two in family, five maids kept, and the newcomer will have her own bedroom.

With fire?

Paid to Talk

Then there are firms with nothing to sell who still send their commercial travellers around.

Five such representatives called on a London garage in one morning—to talk about the weather and pass the time of day!

And this wicked waste of man-power is called "keeping up goodwill."

More Tricks

Business executives are reminded that their firms won't have much goodwill left if Adolf Hitler gets his hands on them.

Many of them still keep men out of the Services because they will be valuable to the business *after* the war.

Others raise every conceivable difficulty against undertaking war work which will leave them at some slight disadvantage when peace returns.

It mightn't be such a welcome peace if these selfish people have their way.

Not all Rothschilds

Fed up with the talk suggesting that every youth in a war factory gets ten pounds a week, some lads have been sending us their wage packets.

A tool maker in a leading aircraft factory, nearing 18, drew £1 6s. 6d. for a 52½ hour week, which includes 2½ hours at overtime rates.

A lad of 17—fares 3s. 6d. a week—drew under the pound for a full week.

Stinging Them

Many of these boys work in industrial towns where profiteers charge ridiculously high prices on the grounds that "munition workers can afford it."

Some bus companies have this idea, judging by specimen fares sent to us.

For instance, men living 1¼ miles from a particular factory have to pay 3s. a week for fares—or sixpence day-return on weekdays and a shilling on Sundays!

The Ministry of War Transport should investigate that case.

24-Hour Day

Nor do we regard women who are opening and closing railway level-crossing gates as millionaires.

A typical wage is £1 5s. 9d. a week and house, turning out in all weathers 24 hours a day six days a week.

And many, because of growing war traffic, have to work twice as hard as the men they've replaced.

On the Footplate

Advocates of wage-stabilisation to prevent inflation should remember these low-paid workers.

They should bear in mind that many railway engine drivers who, in war-time, have to handle passenger expresses and heavy goods trains alike, sometimes driving through the night, draw 14s. a day—and that only after 1,252 driving "turns."

There should be a lot of levelling up before we even consider wage-stabilisation.

Not So Sweet

And a lot of unfairness is resulting from the decision that members of the Forces must get their sweet rations through NAAFI.

Men and women in uniform are being told at some Institutes that they must apply between 1.30 and 2 p.m. or 6 and 6.30 p.m.

As the duties of some of them do not permit, this means, apparently, that they must go without.

Thumb-Twiddler

Then, is the Admiralty trying to turn the Navy into a family affair?

We ask because a highly educated girl in a reserved Civil Service job with no work attached was informed by the Employment Exchange, when she sought to join the W.R.N.S.: "Afraid there's no chance if you haven't got somebody in the Navy."

She was told the same thing at another exchange. So now she's resumed twiddling her thumbs—yet the advertisements still appeal to girls to volunteer for the W.R.N.S.

Remedied

We told recently how a discharged, disabled soldier—ex-Warrant Officer Worsdall, of Hayes, Middlesex—had been waiting four months for his self-propelling chair.

Within an hour of publication, the Public Relations Officer at the Ministry of Pensions had had the matter put right.

And now, having a means of transport, Mr. Worsdall looks like getting a job.

Watch-Dogs

We have told you before, and we repeat it: These Public Relations Officers do a good job.

They watch the newspapers, particularly JOHN BULL. Where they see well-merited criticism they get matters put right; try to see the mistake doesn't recur.

The fools who make the mistakes—a few can make a whole Ministry seem a crowd of nitwits—are afraid of them.

Yet there are people who, arguing that they cost money, would sack them.

Bill's Quest

We think fifteen-year-old William Clark, of 97, Thrush Street, Walworth, would have something to say if that happened.

He went out the other day to see what war-winning tips he could pick up.

Then he sent them to JOHN BULL.

All Alone

For fifteen minutes he was the sole occupant of a big, warm swimming bath, with thirty lights blazing over his head.

Then he saw seventeen men taking the railings away from one smallish house and getting hopelessly in each other's way.

Next, he noticed fleets of two-mile-an-hour taxicabs prowling for fares.

He mentions something about shooting—but one is often too drastic at fifteen.

Two People Dream

Some twenty-five years ago a married couple left their home in Northern Ireland for Scotland.

Their dream was to make enough money to buy a small farm in their native County Antrim.

That dream came true just before the war broke out.

The wife and two daughters settled down on the farm, and the husband was returning when—*war was declared.*

Parted

Since then the husband has been refused a permit to travel to Ireland.

The wife, Mrs. Ervine, in a sad letter to us, tells how he could have helped her to save crops which failed—how, as a joiner, he could help build American camps

Mr. Ervine does important work in Scotland. But there is equally important work in Ireland. And surely humanity could tip the scale.

Homeless Heroes

Home in Britain, more and more discharged disabled ex-Servicemen trudge round for houses and flats which are unobtainable.

We know houses can't be conjured up at the wave of a wand.

But could big properties be converted into flats? Are local authorities holding too many empty properties against emergencies?

There may never be a worse emergency than heroes' families without homes.

Behind the News

- **Hitler, concerned over home morale as his recent speech showed, is personally to supervise new intensified drive to maintain Nazi spirits over winter, promises grants of land to best workers.**
- *Meanwhile, Gestapo "task-master" department has been created to extract every ounce of effort from foreign slave workers.*
- Berlin admits prospects of western European collaboration have never been lower, and frenzied behind-scene efforts are being made to change the situation before Allies invade.
- **Fascist bosses are hurriedly trying to form a Blackshirt army similar to Hitler's Waffen S.S., to crush revolution and to save their skins if things go wrong suddenly.**
- *R.A.F. pattern bombing of Nazi industry is breaking its own records every month. Details of bomb weight remain secret, but it can be said that present monthly minimum is over 10,000 tons.*
- **Under cover of Stalingrad headlines, Nazi High Command have transferred several of their ablest "rearguard" specialists to disentangle German flanks in the Caucasus and lower Don before they are caught short by the winter.**
- *Balkan intrigue has become doubly dangerous for Germany in the last few weeks. Cause—bombing of Budapest and consequent threat to all Hitler's satellite States. Each hates and blames the other and is now trying to buy its own future safety.*
- Another secret Hitler-Mussolini meeting probable soon. This may be the longest yet and will discuss the best means of holding down occupied Europe in a long *defensive* war.
- **Papen seeks to oust Ribbentrop from post of Nazi Foreign Minister, succession of failures in South America, Balkans and neutral countries of Europe having made Ribbentrop's position precarious.**
- British bombs on German towns have yielded evidence of big food stores in bomb-damaged houses of prominent Nazi leaders. Discovery has created fury among the German fire-fighters, who often cannot get meal after 24 hours' duty.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By THE EDITOR

WOMEN CALL-UP BUNGLE

TOTAL war cannot be waged so long as the vital services of this country are under strength. And there is only one way in which we can remedy the acute shortage of labour.

We must conscript the young women of Britain.

They provide the one pool of labour which remains for the Services to draw upon. That pool, so far, has hardly been skimmed. Now it must be dredged.

There must now be a thorough comb-out of all single women under the age of twenty-five in official departments.

And the process must be extended to the whole of industry.

Every fit and unmarried woman who has not yet reached the middle 'twenties, and who is not engaged in nursing, or munition making, or some equally vital work, must be called up for the W.R.N.S., the A.T.S., or the W.A.A.F.

At present, many young women are not even allowed to volunteer.

They are employed by the thousand in Government Departments, municipal offices and other "essential premises."

It is known that in lots of cases they have little to do. But officialdom is loath to let them go.

It is known that they can be replaced by older women, now at home, who had years of experience in office work before their marriage. But officialdom is reluctant to make the change.

It took months for the bureaucrats to accept the employment of part-time women workers in the war factories. We hope they will more readily accept the idea of part-time office workers, thousands of whom would volunteer for such work near their homes to release the under twenty-fives for the Services.

Incidentally, many of these single young women, who are now growing bored and exasperated in the Civil Service and local government offices, were "directed" there by the Ministry of Labour—and thereby taken away from commercial offices where they had been doing useful work.

The country's need is too great for half-measures to be tolerated any longer.

The need is indeed so great that not even all the available unmarried young women of Britain can adequately meet it.

There must therefore be an extension of conscription to married women under twenty-five who have no children.

SAFEGUARDS already exist to prevent hardship and injustice.

There are rights of appeal. Consideration is given to defects in health, to family circumstances, in the call-up of those single girls in "non-essential" work who are already liable to call-up.

Those safeguards can be further strengthened for the young and childless wives who are now urged to volunteer for National Service.

So far, the Government has done no more than appeal to them.

It seems to be afraid that men in the Forces would resent the conscription of their womenfolk.

But the fear is exaggerated. Our inquiries and our letter-bag convince us that the chief anxiety of soldiers, sailors and airmen is to win this war, and win it quickly.

They are eager to get back to their homes after the job is done, but the majority of them feel that, if their wives are needed to help in this job meanwhile, they had better "go to it."

So do most of the wives.

Nevertheless, thousands upon thousands of them will not leave home while the Government allows their neighbours to do as they please.

We talk continually of our admiration for the Russians. We marvel at the way in which their men, women and even children are working and fighting to the last gasp.

Stalingrad, City of Steel, has become a symbol of the steel-willed resolution of an entire nation fighting for freedom.

And yet, though our people are no less courageous and determined, we still hesitate to fill the gaps in our own defences!

They must be filled.

The speed and power of our coming offensive will largely depend upon the Women's Auxiliary Services that enable men to be released for the front line.

And it is perfectly obvious that the girls married to Servicemen—and without family—have fewer responsibilities than any others. For their husbands are not living at home with them, and, in many cases, they have no homes to look after.

Now the present position is that no married woman can be compelled to join the Colours, and it is said that the Premier made a particular pledge to the wives of Servicemen.

The words Mr. Churchill actually used when the National Service Act was introduced last December were: "We do not propose *at the present time* to extend compulsion to join the Services to any married woman."

In a later passage of the same speech he certainly added that no Serviceman's wife would "be called upon to work away from her home area," but we feel sure that "at the present time" was equally implied.

In any case, what does it matter? On that same occasion the House released Mr. Churchill from a previous pledge not to send any soldier overseas before he was twenty.

Circumstances had changed. It was felt that trained lads of nineteen might be needed when their units were ordered abroad, and that most of them would resent being left behind.

Circumstances have changed no less definitely in regard to the Women's Services. Today they need far more recruits than the voluntary system can supply.

And there are thousands of married women who would welcome conscription if only because it would make their duty clear to them and, at the same time, rope in the slackers and the column-dodgers.

They would be assured, of course, of a businesslike organisation that would make it possible for all husbands and wives in the Services—with very rare exceptions—to spend their leaves together.

A much bigger effort must be made to post Servicewomen as near to their homes as possible.

Everything possible must be done to avoid sending young women hundreds of miles away from their homes for training.

Apart from the needless strain on transport, the interests of private life demand that the present system of posting must be rationalised.

When such arrangements are properly made, what excuse can be found for the Government's reluctance to the call-up of young and childless wives?

On the contrary, we think it an insult to the courage and loyalty of wives whose husbands are with the Colours. These women, in great majority, are ready to join the Forces and do not ask for privilege.

But they do want a decisive lead; they do expect to be given their marching orders in firm, clear words of command with no shilly-shally.

Let those orders, then, be given at once. Girls are urgently needed and the whole country is keen to attack the enemy. That is the final answer to every objection and the sufficient reason for an immediate and drastic call-up of all young women fit and free to serve with the Colours.

BACK TO GERMANY—VIA VICHY

MAX had often thought of going back to Germany.

He was sure in his heart that the time would come when the Nazi barbarians would be overthrown and the country of his birth made a fit place to live in again.

★ ★ ★

Sometimes he shuddered in his sleep when, coming at him out of the dark, he saw again the Gestapo beasts who had fetched him from his home in Frankfort, carried him away under blows and kicks before he could say farewell to his wife.

The scar on the back of his head, where the S.S. Guard had hit him, hurt sometimes, but what did it matter? He had escaped and found refuge in France, he was enjoying the sun of a liberal country.

That was three years ago. Max was one of the tens of thousands of refugees from Nazi oppression who had made a second home for himself in France.

War came, and in a quick, bewildering succession of blows France collapsed as soon as Hitler struck.

Max escaped to unoccupied France. The Nazis were at his heels, but despair gave him strength to elude capture, to slip across the demarcation line away from the threat—he thought—of a second arrest, of another spell in a concentration camp.

But it was no longer a happy liberal France in which he spent his anxious days.

It was a ghastly experience when he realised that there were Frenchmen who would deal with the eternal enemy. It was a terrible blow when he learned that Laval, the French arch-Quisling and collaborator of the Nazi conquerors, had come to power.

Laval was prepared to deliver Frenchmen, his own compatriots, into the hands of the slave-drivers. How would he deal with the German refugees who had escaped from their persecution at home?

The Gestapo soon provided an answer to his anxious question. Hilferding and Breitscheid, two eminent anti-Nazi Germans, who had lived as refugees in France, had already been delivered up.

★ ★ ★

Nobody heard from them again after they were "extradited" by the men of Vichy.

Now Max and his friends lay awake at night, dreaded the approach of every dawn which might herald their last day in France.

Laval had agreed to return refugee Germans, Trade Unionists, Socialists, Catholics and Jews to the Hitlerites. He was prepared to sell them in return for some grudged favour.

The day arrived. French police arrested Max. Hundreds of his fellow sufferers were already waiting when they loaded him on to a train.

All of them were herded like cattle into the carriages on which the destination was clearly marked: GERMANY.

★ ★ ★

Max is back in Germany now! But it is a different return from that of which he dreamt.

He is back in a Nazi concentration camp where the blows of S.S. Black Guards produce more scars on his head, insults and tortures inflict new wounds on his battered soul.

Laval has sent him back to the Nazi hell. And with him thousands who had devoted their lives to fighting the Nazis.

No wonder Mr. Churchill has declared he has exhausted the possibilities of the English language in attempting to describe adequately the miserable meanness of the man who has done this.

LEND FREELY TO LIVE FREELY

OPEN LETTERS

Major Hon. L. H. CRIPPS, President, Free Trade Legion

DEAR SIR,—No Brave New World for you, evidently. The pledges of Eden and Bevin, the hopes of the ordinary people everywhere, are to you but a subject of derision and disdain.

The innocent title of your association cannot disguise the bleakness of the reaction you preach.

You would have us go back—if we could—to pre-war days. Then, apparently, Britain was a paradise.

Food was plentiful, clothing cheap. "Holidays with pay set aside what little financial worries there were troubling those who sparkled over the beaches in their hundreds of thousands every summer."

There were the cinema, the radio, and the dog tracks.

There were also, you admit, the unemployed.

But you say little about them.

All will be well in future, your propagandists appear to imagine, if only we espouse free trade, beware of the wicked Socialists, and cease paying M.P.s—so that, I presume, only the prosperous businessman can enter Parliament.

Don't bother to waste more money and paper.

We shall get freer trade after the war. The leaders of the United Nations are pledged to secure it.

But we, the people, are also determined to obtain vast social reforms. And we shall not be prevented by the efforts of you, Mr. S. W. Alexander, Sir John Latta and your other henchmen named in the association's literature.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. FOSTER, M.P., Wigan

DEAR SIR,—To the most unfortunate workers in the mining industry, the latest wage increase is little better than an "Irishman's rise."

What is the position of those injured men who receive partial compensation because they are now able to do only "light" work?

As you say, their compensation is being reduced by at least half the amount of the new wage increase—in some cases, by 12s. or 13s. a week.

Which means that some of the money granted by the public for better mining wages is going into the pockets of insurance companies and "friendly societies."

And it means that in some cases the compensation payment has completely disappeared, the wage increase leaving the victim no better off than before.

In the last war no account was taken of wage increases in the matter of partial compensation. In this war, unfortunately, a policy of miserliness seems to have prevailed over the considerations of fairness and sympathy.

But I do not think that you and other Labour M.P.s will lack the support of the entire public in your efforts to reverse that policy which is making the miners "absolutely disgusted."

I hope you will quickly ensure that not only will injured miners get the wage increase they were meant to have, but that the whole question of workmen's compensation will be reviewed.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. CLEMENT ATTLEE, M.P., Deputy Prime Minister

DEAR SIR,—Either your memory is atrocious or your complacency is unshakable.

You assure us that Allied leaders do not need prodding to open a second front. "To speak of 'prodding' implies absence of will—and I assure you we have the will."

Well, I do not doubt that you have the will to open new Fronts and that our generals are planning to take the offensive. It would be surprising after fifteen months if they weren't.

But do you remember the things that weren't done until you and your fellow-Ministers were prodded?

You resisted my suggestion that young miners should be brought back from the Army. Then the coal shortage became grim and M.P.s prodded you angrily—so you hurriedly brought back thousands of those miners.

You showed no enthusiasm for the idea of a Minister of Production. We were told that production was grand.

We found that production wasn't so grand as it could be. The Government was prodded by an indignant Parliament—and we got our Minister of Production.

And do you not remember, Mr. Attlee, how furiously the Press had to prod our leaders and how London had to be ravaged by flame before the fire guard system was started?

Yet those are but three examples of necessary and beneficial prodding. There have been others, many others.

There will be more.

For Parliament and people are impatient for an all-out war effort. And the Premier himself has applauded this show of spirit.

They want to see a master plan of united strategy.

The words of Mr. Churchill after the Moscow meeting, the outburst by Mr. Wendell Willkie that has aroused your protest against "prodding," are proof that London and Washington and Moscow have still to get closer strategy.

As for Chungking—well, the Chinese are not even mentioned in some tributes to "our Allies."

Evidently the Government will have to be jolted into agreement on inter-Allied strategy.

Moreover, you and your colleagues will be prodded this winter on a score of urgent home problems. It's as well you should know what to expect.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. HERBERT MORRISON, M.P., Minister of Home Security

DEAR SIR,—The guards posted at our bomber aerodromes after the Crete sensation seem to have turned into invisible men.

Workers on the 'dromes tell me that they are never asked to show their passes. They say I could easily wander all over a 'drome if I pretended to be a civilian workman employed there.

Of course, I don't intend to try. But friends of Hitler might try to see quite a few things they shouldn't—who knows?

Besides, there are similar complaints of laxness in armament factories and other war establishments.

Have the guards been withdrawn? Or is it merely that some of them stand at the gates with their eyes shut?

Whatever the answer, no spy scares should be necessary to prove it undesirable to allow strangers admittance to "secret" centres of our war activities.

I am sure you will agree, even though you are not responsible for any laxness of the kind I have described. And, as you are ultimately responsible for the security of the State, I am sure you are strategically placed for a tactful word or two with the Ministers who control Service camps and arms factories.—JOHN BULL.

Capt. GEORGE GRACEY, General Secretary, Save-the-Children Fund

DEAR CAPTAIN,—The clubs you are starting in disused public-houses may lack the rich carpets of those in Pall Mall, but I wager they'll be richer in worth to the community.

They are for children under fourteen, open after school hours until bedtime, and full of the things that should make it fine to be young.

There's handicraft equipment, to which you hope to add a potter's wheel. One club has a pig and rabbit farm, others feature gardening, and all are going great guns.

Already opened in half a dozen poor London districts, they should be imitated in every town throughout the country.

In them I see the best method of reducing the juvenile crime of which we hear so much.

So it should concern us all to see that the clubs' supervisors get all the equipment they need and that their methods are taught to others.

I remember you played a great part in the American relief expedition that helped the Armenians who fled from Turkey to Russia in 1915; indeed, you evacuated 25,000 single-handed.

The movement you now lead may well become not less important.—JOHN BULL.

ARGUE IT OUT By PALLAS

These People of No Worth

WE lost all our ration books the other day. They fell from a basket as we were walking about 40 yards from our home. They were missed in a few seconds. Yet we didn't find them, and—I write five days later—they haven't turned up yet.

Apart from the trouble involved in getting the books replaced—the visits to food offices, police stations, and the filling in of forms—and the possible loss of rations for a week or two, the theft doesn't matter.

What does matter, and what distresses me, is that in times like these there are people who would descend to such actions.

They can't use the ration book proper because of registration. All they can get out of the books is the use of a few points coupons and the personal coupons for sweets. (Incidentally, they have got baby's sweets ration for the month.)

★ ★ ★

"I hope," said my wife viciously, "that the sweets choke them."

I don't. I hope that each sweet lasts a long time, and that it arouses a twinge, no matter how faint, of conscience.

My hope, I know, is in vain. For there can be no conscience in anyone who, for the sake of a few paltry coupons, would deprive a family of its rations and put them to all the trouble of replacing books.

Such people offer all sorts of stupid explanations for their actions. They "meant to buy the onions, only the man wasn't there," or "they didn't think they were doing much harm."

But if they offered the true reason for offences like "stealing by finding" ration books, or pilfering garden produce from men who have obeyed the "dig for victory" appeal, they would say:

★ ★ ★

"We are without decency, without honour. We are unworthy of the greatness of a Britain fighting for decency and honour.

"We are petty-minded people. We wouldn't dare risk committing big crimes, because we might be sent to prison. We haven't the courage to be 'honest' crooks.

"We are covetous people. We want things, but we don't want to work for them. We are selfish people. We think first of ourselves—rarely of others.

"In fact, we are utterly worthless, and we realise—or should realise—that there is no place for us in the Britain which has fed us, protected us, fought for us and saved us from the tyranny and aggression now grinding down the enslaved millions of conquered Europe."

That is what the sneak thieves *might* say if they bared themselves to the world.

As long as these people get away with trivial fines so long will the mean thefts continue. Surely in times like these the Home Office can take steps to ensure that fitting punishment is meted out to the guilty parties.

★ A HANDSOME GIANT OF A MAN, AS ELUSIVE TO THE WAR CORRESPONDENTS AS HE IS TO THE GERMANS AND ITALIANS, IS PLAYING A BIG PART IN PLANNING—AND OFTEN LEADING—THE DARING RAIDS THAT ARE WORRYING ROMMEL HUNDREDS OF MILES BEHIND HIS LINES IN LIBYA.

Phantom Major Upsets Rommel

By Howard Johns

The Phantom Major's tough lads pounce on enemy posts as suddenly as if they had been dropped from the clouds

MAJOR DAVID STIRLING is the newest terror of the desert. To the Africa Corps he is "The Phantom Major"—and with justification, because he has many times swooped down on them just as if he had dropped from the clouds.

Major Stirling, towering 6 ft. 4 in., is as lithe as a panther, a former boxing champion, one of the finest horsemen in our Army, and a cousin of the famous Commando Leader, Lord Lovat.

Once, when he took out a patrol to attack the heavily guarded Benina Airfield, he wriggled past two German sentries who were arguing and could not have been more than ten yards away. He learned that trick when hunting deer in Scotland.

It was from this flying-field that many enemy machines had taken off to attack our troops, and Stirling was determined to make the Germans pay dearly.

When he was safely past the sentries and in the shadow of a large Junkers 'plane he was able to stand up and have a good look at the flying-field.

A Grand Blaze

Away on his right, under cover, he saw fourteen aero engines which had obviously been under repair. In the next instant he was flat on the ground again crawling towards them.

He placed delayed action incendiary bombs where they would do most damage and also stand a good chance of destroying several 'planes. Then he crawled back past the two German sentries—still arguing!—and rejoined his patrol.

From a safe distance they waited patiently in the darkness.

At last it came—a sudden glow from the direction of the airfield. The delayed-action fire-bombs had done their job.

As for the arguing Huns, I wager they would start an even fiercer word barrage if anyone told them the "Phantom Major" had passed within a few yards of them!

With Rommel's transports being bombed incessantly by our aircraft during the day, his transport trucks are compelled to travel more by night.

It is then that the "Phantom Major" takes a hand. During the past few months the Nazis—although they know by now!—were puzzled when lorries, loaded with food and vital war material, failed to arrive.

Dozens just "disappeared" and Stirling and his merry men had supplies to continue their guerilla tactics far longer than they had hoped.

It was following one of these raids on a German transport column that Major Stirling, at the head of his men, and mounted on a Jeep, sped on to an airfield where Axis bombers were being loaded for an attack upon our lines.

Huns in Chaos

Tearing around at terrific speed, Stirling and his daredevils shot up everything they could lay eyes on with the twin-mounted Vickers on their Jeeps. Confusion and chaos were caused on all sides—and when the Major and his men headed out into the burning sands the Huns were still shooting wildly!

During one of their patrols this band of daredevils were saved from certain capture by the quick-thinking of their Scottish leader.

They were jolting along in their Jeeps when suddenly a German voice called upon them to halt. For a moment there was a silence, and our chaps expected a volley to come crashing out the darkness at any moment.

But the "Phantom Major" was ready. In fluent German he exclaimed: "Shut up. It's me. Don't you know my voice? Remember, too, there's a war on!"

It came off! The sentry allowed them to pass.

When dawn broke, Stirling and a few of his men crept over to the spot where disaster had nearly overtaken them a few hours before and found a large Axis camp. Even then the "Phantom Major" could not resist a smack at the Hun, and lobbed a few hand-grenades into a hut.

Tackled them Alone

Many Italian camps have been "visited" by the merry Major, and great damage inflicted, but the "job" which, I'm sure, gave him the greatest pleasure was when, single-handed, he entered an enemy camp and gave eighteen of the Africa Corps a terrific shock.

Creeping slowly past a guard, he opened the door of the first hut he came to—and saw eighteen white-faced Nazis peering at him from their bunks.

"No! No!" they shouted in chorus when they saw him pull out a hand-grenade.

"Ya! Ya!" he shouted back as he hurled the grenades into the room. "Good-night!"

Slamming the door behind him, Stirling ran like a hare out of the camp—and he had just gained the safety of his Jeep when a sudden roar nearly lifted him off his feet. And there were eighteen fewer members of the Africa Corps!

Yet, with all his hair's-breath escapes, Stirling came nearer to death by a mechanical defect in one of his own cars than by the hand of one of Rommel's men.

Returning from "a trip" dog-tired, he was sleeping in a Jeep when one of his men discovered that a fuse had been set off by the rocky road.

"Get off quick, sir!" he shouted, shaking the sleeping Major.

"What the hell?" exclaimed the Major, still half asleep.

It was a minute or two before he realised what the soldier was saying. When he did he jumped very quickly! Only just in time, for the Jeep, after running another thirty yards, went up in pieces.

The "Phantom Major" yawned, climbed aboard another Jeep—and went off to sleep again!

When it can be told fully, the story of this Robin Hood in battledress who recently received the D.S.O. will be one of the most amazing epics of the whole war.

Just before the war he was breeding horses in Canada. When Hitler broke loose he sold his stock and returned to England by fast passenger plane.

As he was on the reserve list of officers he was soon back with the Scots Guards along with his cousin, Lord Lovat.

The long period of comparative inactivity did not suit this man of action, and he joined the Commandos.

He was Restless

With this new corps he was sent to the Middle East, but once again his restless soul got the better of him and, so I am told, he volunteered to become a paratrooper.

But when Stirling made his first jump he injured himself so badly that he decided that this wasn't his job either—so, with special permission, he formed his mobile Commandos.

Quietly, but thoroughly, he prepared his plans for the first trip into enemy territory which, to his delight, went according to plan. An enemy airfield was visited, planes were fired, and the patrol vanished into the sandy wastes before the Huns realised what was amiss.

That's how it began. It's Rommel's worry to know how it will end.

—AND A JOLT FOR GOERING

THE answer to the *Luftwaffe's* new stratosphere 'planes is already in the air.

Nazi flyers venturing at these great heights over Britain may find death awaiting them eight miles above the surface of the earth.

If they have time to see it coming—and they may not!—they will see it in the shape of a tubby, heavily armed fighter plane more than twice the weight of a Spitfire.

★ ★ ★

If they *do* have time to recognise it, they will know it is the Thunderbolt, America's new high-altitude fighter.

As far as is known, only two German planes are likely to be in operation at that height.

One is the Me. 109G—a new Messerschmitt single-engine monoplane designed for stratosphere fighting.

The other is the Ju. 86P—a Junkers stratosphere bomber, in which the crew sit in a sealed-pressure cabin. These bombers are reported to have flown over Britain.

According to the Russians, who have seen it in operation, the Messerschmitt has a 1,700-h.p. engine and a speed of about 330 m.p.h.—though the speed may be greater at some levels.

The Thunderbolt has a turbo-supercharged 2,000-h.p. engine and a speed of something like 400 m.p.h.

Which is just too bad for the Messerschmitt!

And as far as the Junkers is concerned, the most conservative calculations would allow that the Thunderbolt could play ring-a-ring-o'-roses round it.

But to realise what an unpleasant death awaits these high flyers of the *Luftwaffe*, it is necessary to consider two things: the air conditions, and the firepower and performance of the Thunderbolt.

At a height of approximately eight miles, the air pressure is a mere 2.72 lb. per square inch compared with the normal 14.5 lb.

The crew, therefore, must be housed in a sealed cabin in which the air pressure is artificially boosted to normal.

If a cannon shell or machine-gun bullet crashed through the walls of the pressure cabin, the air would rush out as if from a pricked balloon.

And it would rush out in a similar manner from the lungs of the crew—with extremely unpleasant results.

You must remember, too, that in such rarefied atmosphere, any sort of gun, because of the greatly decreased air resistance, is infinitely more deadly than at lower heights.

★ ★ ★

I said a cannon shell or machine-gun *bullet*.

But the Thunderbolt, in the words of General Henry H. Arnold, Commanding General of the U.S. Air Force, "carries enough guns to generate, at maximum firing speed, an impact equal to the force of a five-ton truck hitting a brick wall at sixty miles an hour."

Which looks as if the *Luftwaffe* would be wiser to stick to their own stratosphere!

PATRICK SPENCER.

RUBBER TO WIN

WHILE war needs cause a growing demand for rubber of all kinds, our sources of natural supply have been greatly impaired.

A nation-wide salvage drive is therefore imperative

Every householder must join in. Nothing is too trivial. Such articles as door-stops, drip-mats, teapot spouts, window wedges, odd scraps of garden hose, rubber sponges, tennis balls, golf balls, air-cushions, hot-water bottles, rubber shoes, football bladders—anything and everything containing rubber.

And if you would like to help still further, offer your services to your local council as a salvage steward. This is a valuable spare-time job which nearly anyone can do.

FRANCE'S PLACE IN THE P

Baulked in their mighty drive to smash Russia the Nazis are turning the screw on France to bring her lock-stock-and-barrel into the war—and inside the crisis is a battle between two utterly ruthless French traitors

By A. G. GARDINER

KEEP your eye on France. Vichy is in the throes of a crisis, and Laval, caught between the devil and the deep sea, is fighting for his life. His devil is Hitler; his deep sea is the rising tide of national recovery.

The root of the crisis is in Russia. If Hitler's plans there had succeeded, France would have given him no anxiety. His stranglehold on the country was complete.

He could leave it in cold storage until, with a conquered Russia behind him, he could turn westward again and make France dance to any tune he liked.

He would take her fleet, occupy her colonies and manœuvre her into the war on the side of the Axis.

* * *

But events have upset his schemes. His war machine is bogged in Russia without any visible prospect of escape.

And, meanwhile, the sky in the west grows darker.

The entry of America into the war has changed the whole balance of power. Great enterprises are imminent, and he knows not where the blows will fall.

The bombardment of his cities and the destruction of his war potential goes on with gathering violence. Most serious of all is the change of mood in the conquered countries—especially in France.

HITLER'S GREATEST ASSET WAS THE LEGEND OF HIS INVINCIBILITY. THAT LEGEND IS DEAD. IT WAS "WINGED" IN THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN. IT IS A CORPSE ON THE PLAINS OF RUSSIA. THE WORLD KNOWS NOW THAT HE CAN BE BEATEN AND BELIEVES THAT HE WILL BE BEATEN.

This belief finds confirmation in the changed voice of Germany. Gone is the old note of bombast and truculent triumph. Gone are the fanfares and the tales of "annihilation."

Truth is creeping into Goebbels' bulletins. They offer apologies and explanations. They abuse the weather. They complain of the courage of the Russian army.

They appeal to the people for patience. They no longer breathe the accents of victory. They breathe the accents of fear.

It is in these circumstances that Hitler seeks to redress the balance in Russia by turning the screw on France. With the clouds gathering in the West, he must bring her lock-stock-and-barrel into the war. And he must bring her in at once. That is the meaning of the Vichy crisis.

* * *

It was in the belief that Laval would succeed where Darlan had failed that Hitler made him his French quisling-in-chief. He had good grounds for the belief.

Laval had been the chief instrument in the betrayal of France. There is strong reason for the view that he had not only anticipated the defeat of France, but that he desired the defeat of France.

Laval, most poisonous of all the quislings, is caught between the devil Hitler and the deep sea of a reborn France

Certainly it was he who engineered the *coup d'état* which brought about the surrender of France and the destruction of the Republic.

"I myself deliberately killed the old Parliamentary régime in July, 1940," he said a few days ago, "and I tore up its last vestiges when I suppressed the Bureaux of the Senate and Chamber by the decree of August 25, 1942."

As Hitler's Gauleiter, he has pushed forward the Nazi plans for forcing French labour into German service. He has winked at the plunder of his country and the massacres of his fellow-citizens. He has preached a pogrom against the Jews.

* * *

But he has not gone the whole hog. He has not broken with America. He has not handed over the navy. He has not brought France into the war. He is playing for time.

IT MUST BE REMEMBERED THAT LAVAL IS A RAT. AND, BEING A RAT, HE DOES NOT LIKE SINKING SHIPS. WHEN HE RATTED TO HITLER HE THOUGHT THE WAR WAS OVER. BRITAIN'S NECK WOULD BE WRUNG "LIKE A CHICKEN'S" IN A FORTNIGHT.

NOW, TWO YEARS LATER, HE IS LESS SURE—MUCH LESS SURE. HE SUSPECTS THAT HE MAY HAVE GOT ON THE SINKING SHIP AFTER ALL.

The rat must have a way of escape. He must keep his bargaining counters—the navy, the colonies, open participation in the war. He must have a card up his sleeve against the day when he may stand in the dock.

And there is another reason to which I will refer later.

* * *

Meanwhile, Laval is in a tight place. He is suspect both in Germany and in France. Ribbentrop believes he can and will deliver the goods.

But the army and the Gestapo distrust him. They want the goods delivered at once. They want France to break with America, join in the war, give up the navy, go the whole hog—now.

They are backing Doriot, the quondam Communist, and Méchin, who are eager to do their bidding.

Doriot has planned to seize power this month, and has declared that, once under lock and key, Laval "will not get out of prison again."

But in this internal struggle between the rival French gangsters, Laval has got his blow in first. Abetz, Ribbentrop's man in Paris, blew the gaff. He told Laval of the plot, and Laval has kicked Méchin out of the Government.

It was Méchin's job, under the Wehrmacht and the Gestapo, to wreck Laval's administration within in preparation for the *coup* of Doriot from without.

Whether the plot has been nipped in the bud, and what will emerge from this war in the thieves' kitchen, remains to be seen.

* * *

Much depends upon that other reason which leads the artful Laval to play for time. It is the revival of the spirit of France.

That spirit was stunned by the calamity and treachery of June, 1940, but it was not

Will There be a

HOW many bombers can Goering spare to carry out Hitler's threat of retaliation for the heavy blows of the R.A.F.? When will they come again?

The *Luftwaffe* is not what it was in 1940, when it launched the first blitz on Britain. The Nazis themselves admit a serious shortage of 'planes which prevents them from providing adequate fighter protection for German towns while the bulk of their air force is tied up in Russia.

* * *

Of the 9,000 first-line combat 'planes with which the Germans started this war, more than a third, according to the most reliable experts, have been lost in a dozen campaigns. No one now credits the *Luftwaffe* with more than 5,800 combat machines.

Yet even this reduced number has to cover more fronts than in 1940.

Of the three big German air fleets which were massed against Britain in 1940 only one, that commanded by the fat Field-Marshal Sperrle, remains active against these islands.

Kesselring, whose squadrons wrought destruction on Coventry, is kept busy in the M guarding Rommel's co

Stumpff, the third, i the Arctic harassing routes to Russia.

The *Luftwaffe* must large forces in the Bal raids on Germany an American fighter swee Channel are tying dow of Germany's fighter

How many 'plane Hitler summon for a attack on Britain?

Sperrle is known t 250 bombers with hi Europe, and they can from Stumpff's air fie Arctic weather condit ing around Murmansk

But the bulk of the not just be switched f Western Europe like

* *

It has achieved not But it has also been b the process. Many of are dead. Men and need a spell for repair, reorganisation Even then valuab

PICTURE

killed. It sank under the conviction that all was over and that Hitler was invincible.

Now that legend is dead in France as elsewhere, and every day the certainty of his defeat grows and deepens.

And with this returning confidence, the hatred of the Nazi grows and deepens, too. The day of vengeance is drawing near, and in that vengeance the traitor Laval will not be forgotten.

It is this haunting fear that holds him back from the final treachery. He knows how rotten is the structure on which he has erected his dictatorship.

From every side the murmurs of the coming storm grow in volume and menace.

There is no power behind him except the corrupt gang who have profited by the pillage and desecration of their country.

Labour is in revolt against his attempt to make them the slaves of the enemy they hate.

The Church, both Catholic and Protestant, has denounced him for sanctioning the Nazi barbarities which have shocked the humanitarian soul of the nation.

Great Frenchmen, like Herriot, have openly defied the Nazi hordes, and daily the ranks of the Fighting French are recruited from every class—Republicans, Monarchists, Communists, Radicals.

And all the time, in subways and secret places, by whispers and tokens, the plain people are preparing the mine that will explode when the Day of Deliverance dawns.

FRANCE IS REBORN. THE GREAT SONG WHICH SANG THE WORLD FREE IS FORBIDDEN ON HER LIPS. BUT IT STILL RINGS IN HER SOUL.

The day is coming when it will shake the firmament, not only of France, but of Europe, and topple Hitler and his fellow-gangsters to the dust. And Laval will be among them.

...e a Second Blitz?

...y in the Mediterranean, ...ommel's convoys.

...the third, is far away in ... harassing our convoy ...ussia.

...*waffe* must also maintain ... in the Balkans. British ...ermany and the Anglo- ...ighter sweeps across the ...e tying down almost half ...y's fighter strength.

...ny 'planes, then, can ...mon for another all-out ...Britain?

...s known to have about ...s with him in Western ...d they can be reinforced ...pff's air fleet as soon as ...her conditions make fly- ... Murmansk difficult.

...ulk of the *Luftwaffe* can- ... switched from Russia to ...urope like that!

★ ★

...chieved notable successes. ...also been badly mauled in ... Many of its best pilots ... Men and machines will ...spell for recuperation, ...rganisation.

...en valuable time will elapse before a complicated transport problem can be solved and the *Luftwaffe* moved thousands of miles from Stalingrad to Calais.

The fighting in Russia is not over yet. When it is over and if Goering switches a big force to the West, the Nazi pilots will face another surprise.

In any new blitz on Britain they will be confronted by a better, stronger, more intense defence than has ever been known in the history of warfare.

★ ★ ★

Even if they can summon 800 to 1,000 bombers for a blitz on Britain their losses are likely to be high. A repetition of anything like the ninety-six days' continuous air assault of 1940 is out of the question.

On the other hand, every new Nazi bomber will carry a heavier load of bombs than their predecessors of 1940. They will probably be able to do a lot of damage before they are stopped.

Whatever they plan, however, whenever they come, we can have one satisfaction. The worst they can do will be small compared with what we are doing to Germany.

Girls like this, as the film "Uncensored" revealed, risk their lives in distributing the papers

★ *Hitler's last speech was a graphic example of the only kind of war "news" he wants to impart to Germans and the enslaved millions in occupied countries. But he is defied by brave men and women who are printing and speaking the truth.*

News Gets Through the Nazi Chains

THREE men and a girl, deep down in the cellar of a suburban house in Paris, held their breath and listened.

They heard tapping on the wall—the danger-sign—coming from the street above. The man who kept watch outside was warning them that a Nazi patrol was approaching.

Within a minute the ramshackle table was cleared of hundreds of sheets of paper, of carbons, pencils, ink-pots and pens. A small duplicating machine disappeared in a big box in the dark corner and was covered with old rags.

"Danger Passed"

Presently there was another tap, a new sign: "Danger passed."

Without much fuss, everything was put in its place again. The group lost no time in resuming work. And two hours later it was finished.

La Vérité, one of the hundreds of French secret anti-Nazi newspapers, was ready for distribution.

French housewives would find it next morning under their milk-bottles on the doorstep. Others knew that the fish they bought would be wrapped up in a copy of *La Vérité*.

They would go out of their way to buy a few odd things from the hawker at the corner of the street because he never failed to have a copy.

Men leaving the local barber's shop could be sure to find it in their pockets.

In a hundred different, ingenious ways, *La Vérité*—the Truth—reaches the French people in Nazi-occupied France.

The editors produce it under incredible conditions. How their lives have changed since they left the comfortable offices of big newspapers which the Germans have taken over!

Now their first task is to find a hide-out in which to set up a makeshift office. There is no telephone, no secretaries.

The editor must go out and get the paper himself. It often means that he has—yes, that he has to steal it.

Always Moving

No two issues can be produced in the same place. To be an underground editor means moving from one dark cellar to another under constant danger of detection, arrest, torture and execution.

Hundreds of heroic underground editors have been caught by the Gestapo and were murdered. Thousands more are ready to carry on their work.

To-day the circulation of underground anti-Nazi newspapers in occupied Europe exceeds that of the Nazi-sponsored Press.

Poland, martyred and persecuted, produces nearly 150 of them. There are at least 300 in Norway. France is bringing out more than 200.

There is no lack of news for the underground editors.

They listen to the B.B.C. and carefully copy everything that concerns their country. Those among the oppressed people who cannot listen-in themselves can rely on getting the news through their underground Press.

"Pay what you can!" is the price of most of the small sheets. The people give willingly, often more than they can afford.

"Owing to a hitch," said a notice in *Libération*, the secret Belgian newsgiver, "we were unable to circulate our paper last week."

What understatement!

It meant that the Nazi military authorities had tracked down the staff of the news-sheet. All but one of them were arrested and executed.

Owing to a hitch. . . .

It meant that the one survivor, undaunted by the fate of his friends, had found a new hide-out, new paper, new collaborators, and carried on.

A few heroic underground editors died. But that "hitch" interrupted publication only for one week!

The *Voice of Women* regularly appears in Paris. Though a women's journal, it has no fashion notes, no kitchen items.

Editors Never Baffled

Madame Bonne Femme, the editress, asks her readers to fight the Nazis tooth and nail: "We women must risk death" is her slogan.

Ingenious and brave beyond praise, the underground editors are never baffled by extraordinary events. No sooner had the British left the Vaagoe Islands after their successful raid than the whole of Norway was flooded with a "Commando Special," telling the people the truth abou the British victory.

The Norwegian underground Press became so effective, its circulation so wide and its influence so dominating, that Quisling tried to exploit it.

He founded his own "illegal" newspaper, tried to circulate it by underhand means, camouflaged pro-Nazi news with a patriotic cloak in an attempt to mislead and confuse his unwilling subjects.

But perhaps the greatest feat was accomplished by the unknown hero who is responsible for the publication of the *Voice of the North*, which appears regularly in Northern France.

It is only a few months ago that Frenchmen, amazed but proud, read in it an interview with a British bomber pilot.

"We give you time to shelter. Instead you wave and shout. It is very moving, but do not do it! For your sake and for ours!"

So the British pilot began the interview. He had just been shot down over the French coast, but before the Germans could get at him he had been able to speak to an underground editor.

He warned French people to keep away from industrial and strategic targets. He thanked them for the greetings which every Frenchman extended to the R.A.F.

But he implored them to go to their shelters instead, and not to endanger their lives.

Published Warnings

It was just one of the extraordinary features published in the Continental underground Press. How it is done baffles even the professional journalist accustomed to take risks and face dangers.

But no war correspondent in the front line ever faced the difficulties which are all in a day's work of the underground editor.

Belgians are given instruction on how to deal with the German invaders. "Do's and Don'ts" is a feature of most of the anti-Nazi papers.

Every new quisling can reckon to be exposed by the underground editors, who publish regular warnings against the Fascist rats in their midst.

But nothing can better illustrate the spirit which emanates from Europe's underground Press than the titles chosen by the editors.

V boj—On to battle—is the call of Prague's leading anti-Nazi paper, which is a source of inspiration to the oppressed Czechs.

Joseph Skalda, its first editor, was caught and murdered by the Gestapo. But the paper is still being published. No one knows where and how.

The *Barricade*, the *Fighting Worker*, the *Voice of Warsaw*, are some of the Polish freedom papers passed from hand to hand in the streets of Warsaw, in the factories, in villages where the farmers meet on market days.

Freedom, *Truth*, *Advice to the Occupied*, are popular papers in France and Belgium.

Words as Weapons

Humanité, the French Communist newspaper, whose editor was executed as one of the first "hostages," still appears, and is read by thousands. *Le Gaulliste* gives the French people news about the "Fighting French" and their gallant stand by the side of Britain.

Thus the two great fronts of this vast war are linked by firm bonds.

The underground editors cannot fight the battles of Europe with arms in their hands.

Their weapons are words, but they are the words of truth which can, and do, inflict mortal wounds on merciless oppressors and treacherous quislings.

W. F.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Comments

LET THE FIREMEN USE IDLE HOURS!

BRITAIN'S firemen are discontented. Not because they feel they are overworked or underpaid. But because, in the main, they are not allowed to work harder.

Most of them have been idle for months, except for the routine exercises and cleaning of equipment.

They know they must be prepared to work to the limit of endurance if heavy raids are resumed. They are ready to save Britain again from the flames as they saved it in the wicked winter of 1940.

But they do not see why they cannot use their long spells of waiting to relieve the growing shortage of industrial manpower.

They do not understand why they are not allowed to help more in the production of war supplies.

Nor do I. Nor do arms manufacturers. Nor do the people everywhere. But the Home Office has not been so ready to give permission.

No doubt you remember that the Fire Brigades Union—which represents 90 per cent. of the men in N.F.S. uniform—suggested that firemen should be allowed to do war work at their stations.

What has happened to that excellent and common-sense proposal?

Well, the Home Office chiefs turned it down.

Without Sanction

But the Fire Brigades Union, knowing how acute was the boredom of Britain's firemen, took the matter into its own hands.

The union made its own arrangements for part-time munition work at certain fire stations.

So, in one London area, twenty-two London stations started on war production work without official sanction.

One station has so far turned out 50,000 bomb slings.

Others have made enormous numbers of munition boxes, reclaimed rubber, and done similarly essential work.

The factories they supply are loud in their praise. Miss Ellen Wilkinson, visiting one of the stations concerned, expressed her surprised satisfaction at its efficiency.

Thus the Home Office became aware that the system was not quite so unworkable as it had supposed.

It suggested that the men's extra earnings from war work should be paid into a benevolent fund—minus 50 per cent. for the Treasury!

Naturally, the men's union objected.

So another idea was put forward.

The extra earnings should be paid into a welfare fund, through which theatre tickets, gramophone records, etc., could be bought.

Again the union disagreed. Now the matter is in abeyance—with half the men's earnings going to the Treasury and half "reserved," pending a final settlement.

Pay Confusion

The muddle is made worse confounded because other firemen on war work are permitted to keep full payment for their "extra" war work.

This arose from another suggestion of the Fire Brigades Union, made eight months ago.

It was argued that the men should be allowed to work in near-by factories during their off-duty periods.

The fire pumps, of course, would be kept ready for immediate use in case of emergency.

So in Birmingham, Sheffield, Coventry and a few other towns, firemen have been part-time factory workers for months, earning a welcome addition to their purses and the praise of factory managers.

But this excellent scheme cannot be extended. Indeed, it threatens to stop entirely.

For this reason: The Home Office insists on ending the firemen's system of twenty-four hours on-duty and twenty-four hours off-duty which enabled thousands of them to do war work in their leisure hours.

The Home Office is gradually introducing a system of forty-eight hours' duty followed by a period of twenty-four hours off-duty.

Mr. Herbert Morrison claims that this method enables an extra one-sixth of the N.F.S. to be available for duty at any given time. The firemen's spokesmen do not agree.

The Fire Brigades Union describes the Order which introduced the system as "ill-starred, ill-advised and ill-numbered."

The Home Office also claims that the new system is easier to administer.

But it has its drawbacks.

It makes firemen too tired to undertake part-time factory duty on their "nights off." Nor are factory managements willing to employ them on only one night in every three; often it is not practicable to do so.

And neither is the accommodation of some fire-stations suitable to the new duty system!

No one expects de-luxe conditions in war-time, but many improvements are perfectly practicable.

In London, the sleeping accommodation in some stations is poor, sanitation arrangements are non-existent, and cooking arrangements deplorable.

We have heard of complaints in many parts of the country—in Manchester, Liverpool, Edinburgh, and Greenock. Lack of proper sanitation is only one fault which clamours for rectification.

In view of the conditions, Mr. Morrison has had to postpone the introduction of the "forty-eight/twenty-four hours" system in certain districts.

Second Thoughts

I wish he would allow himself second thoughts about its introduction generally.

I know him—we all know him—as a man who is not afraid to break a lance with conservative officialdom. All of us, save only the Diehards, recognise that his creation of the N.F.S. is a magnificent improvement on the old system of independent and often inefficient local fire brigades.

Now he has just formed flying columns of "blitz fighters" who can be rushed to any part of the country.

I trust he will show the same enterprise and imagination in enabling firemen to use their idle hours and in remedying the deficiencies of accommodation to which attention has been drawn.

There must be no discontent in the N.F.S.

Mr. Herbert Morrison should review the position

STERN WARNING TO "SHOP SNEAKS"

IN a recent article we dealt with a number of cases in which investigators from various Ministries had deliberately tricked shopkeepers into committing offences.

Among them we cited the alleged experience of a Devon man whose story had received publicity from the able pen of Mr. Harold Nicolson, M.P.

This story has since been probed, but it has not been found possible to trace it to its source. In justice to Mr. Nicolson, it must be admitted that he expressed scepticism at the time.

Since then, another alleged instance has come to our notice and there is little doubt that the practice has been going on.

It is interesting to learn, therefore, that some weeks ago the Board of Trade issued most emphatic instructions reminding its investigators that the use of agent-provocateur methods has always been strictly forbidden.

A copy of these instructions is before us now, and two clauses in particular are worth quoting in full. They run as follows:

In no circumstances should "Agent-provocateur or "third degree" methods be employed. This, in plain English, means that no persuasion or provocation, either by word or gesture, must be employed by the Officers, and that no threat or intimidation should be expressed, or used, in any circumstances.

"Test Purchases" should only be made at establishments in respect of which complaints have been recently received, and the question of coupons should not be raised by the Officer, but rather left to the person contacted, who, if possible, should not be a young and inexperienced assistant.

These are some of the firm measures taken by Mr. George Yandell, Chief Investigation Officer at the Board of Trade, since he assumed control there on June 1 last.

We congratulate him and trust that he will be successful in his big drive to stamp out all genuine offenders.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mrs. Whitehouse, Saltash Grove, Birmingham, 25, has been awarded this week's £1 1s.

Letters are welcomed on any matter requiring comment or inquiry. Address: "Public Benefactor," JOHN BULL, 93/4, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

SWAFFER TELLS YOU . . . .

WHY PROLONG THE PARTY TRUCE?

● "A return to Party politics would stimulate the nation."

"Not until the world is stabilised after the war should the political truce be ended."

These utterly divergent views, both sincere and both patriotic, are held by opposite groups

Some see in the truce a stalemate and a pretence of unity.

Others go so far as to argue that the plans for reconstruction, already in the process of being worked out, can best be implemented by a coalition of the well-intentioned in all the Parties.

Although I hate to prophesy—my anticipation of what would happen to Common Wealth went all wrong—my view is that the future all depends on what degree of reform can be obtained from the more modern Conservatives, despite the 1922 Committee.

Anyway, Socialists must stop in the Government. Cripps, Bevin and Morrison are necessary to its continuance.

And, while Labour is "in"—well, the truce must continue.

WILL YOUTH PLAN THE FUTURE?

● Actually, there is no more virtue in Youth, with its lack of experience, than there is in Age, with its cynicism born of disappointment.

Alone, Youth would blunder hopelessly. Without the help of its eager enthusiasm, Age would be too tired to tackle problems of To-morrow.

Brains are not the exclusive possession of any class or any stage of existence.

We want, in the planning of the New World, not only the ambition of the young and the good will of the middle-aged, but the memory, in the minds of men advanced in years, of the lessons of their own experience.

Anyway, if Youth wants to do the job—well, it had better start on it and not merely boast of its claims.

WHAT WILL THE PRIMATE DO?

● Dr. Temple got a really fine Press for his Albert Hall insistence on the application of Christian principles to politics.

Already he is at war with many Tory M.P.s. Soon, the battle will extend.

Although his brother of York supported him, he will find himself opposed by some of his own bishops and many landowners, bankers and industrialists belonging to his Church.

I feel, however, that he has behind him the mass of churchgoers and that, if he sticks to his guns—and no one could say he is not purposeful—he will exercise a great influence on the electorate.

If he loses, I believe the Church is doomed. If he wins, it may re-establish much of its lost prestige.

Yes, some Anglican leaders may be seeking to cash in on the sudden zest for Socialist planning—but I do not suggest the new Primate is one of these.

In my view he has emerged as a national leader.

Human Machine

GOING WRONG

One of the fallacies under which a great many people do their thinking about life and themselves is that work is the prime curse of mankind.

Nothing could be further from the truth.

It is not labour that is mankind's curse, but mankind's disinclination to it.

It is not that we are all inherently lazy, either; but there is no doubt at all that we are all incipiently lazy!

★ ★ ★

That is to say, we all, if we possibly can, do only the pleasant things and only the easy things. We are quite content to let others do the rest!

Now to let that be your philosophy of life is to get life all wrong. For it is just as easy to be energetic as it is to be lazy.

It is, in fact, just as hard work to be lazy as it is to be energetic, if you care to put it the other way round.

★ ★ ★

We cannot, we are told, add one cubit to our stature by taking thought.

But by taking only a little thought we can certainly see to it that our mental and spiritual stature is kept up to concert pitch.

We can, in fact, use whatever energy is ours for the moment, wisely and well. We can direct it. We can give it an aim, a goal.

★ ★ ★

We can keep on making an effort, indulge daily in a mental "dozen," set ourselves a task *and hold to it until it is done.*

We can, in fact, link thought to resolution. It is that combination that makes light of any task with which we are faced.

Don't wait for the compulsion of necessity; be trained to meet necessity should it arise.

THE MAN WHO JUST STARED

"JOHN BULL'S" 10-MINUTE STORY
By WILL SCOTT

HE suddenly appeared. One day he was there, and then every day he was there. In the public shelter on the cliff.

You'd have said he had something on his mind. He just sat there staring, staring, staring at nothing, his arms folded high up, his pipe stuck up at an angle.

That was how Griggs, of Griggs's Bakery, first saw him. Without really seeing him at all.

It was in the morning, when Griggs was setting out on his rounds. He happened to look, and then look away again. He didn't think any more about it.

But in the late afternoon, when, his round over, Griggs was jogging the old van down towards the town, he happened to look at the shelter on the cliff again. And there the Whiskery Man still was, staring, staring, staring at nothing.

"Surely," said Griggs to his horse's tail, "that chap was there this morning. I seem to remember. . . ."

But there wasn't much in it, and for the second time in the day Griggs thought no more about it.

However, the next morning, when he set out again on his round, Griggs happened to glance across at the public shelter, and there once more was the Whiskery Man, just sitting staring at nothing, his arms folded high up, his pipe stuck up at an angle.

"Well, I'm damned!" said Griggs.

And this time he took a bit more notice.

The Whiskery Man was about sixty, a stubby figure with a short beard and eyebrows like bushes.

A roughish sort of man, but respectably and neatly dressed. But he might have been a respectably and neatly dressed dummy, for all the life he appeared to have in him.

He just sat there staring, staring, staring at nothing.

"Well," said Griggs, as the public shelter fell away out of sight behind the jogging van, "that's one way of passing your time."

But when on this second day the van was ending its round in the late afternoon Griggs found himself wondering if the Whiskery Man would still be there.

And his eyes were on the public shelter when it was no more than a speck in the distance.

The van jogged along. Griggs stuck his head round the front of the cab and left the going to the horse. He stared, and he saw. The Whiskery Man was still there!

"Well, I'm damned!" said Griggs.

And the Whiskery Man was there next morning and next afternoon—and *next* morning and *next* afternoon. In fact, he was there every morning and every afternoon. Rain or shine, hot or cold. He was always there.

"Must be potty," Griggs thought. "Nothing to look at, nothing to do. Nothing to *think about*, after a long dose of that. If he isn't potty it'll drive him potty. Would *me*. Wonder where he's come from . . ."

The Whiskery Man became a landmark in Griggs's daily perambulations. He was another Clock Tower or Memorial Fountain, and would have been missed as soon if one morning he had not been there.

He asked his few customers in the scattered villas where he left his bread if they could give him the answer. But nobody seemed to know anything about the Whiskery Man.

He had suddenly turned up. Taken a little furnished bungalow, they thought; but they didn't know anything about him.

"Of all the ways of passing your life!" said Griggs. "Just sitting there doing nothing all day long. And he looks so miserable. But then, who wouldn't be?"

After weeks of mystery Griggs wondered one day if the Whiskery Man spent his evenings as he spent his mornings and his afternoons.

"If he *does*," he thought, "I might find out."

And that evening, after horse and van had been put away and the shop closed for the night, Griggs lit his pipe and set out for a stroll along the West Cliff.

He crossed the empty promenade to the shelter, and there, sure enough, was the Whiskery Man, still looking like a hairy statue.

But with Griggs's approach the statue suddenly came to life. The Whiskery Man looked up, with a kind of doubting hope in his eyes.

"Evening," said Griggs.

"Evening," said the Whiskery Man.

"Warm for the time of the year," said Griggs.

"Ah," said the Whiskery Man.

Griggs sat down in the public shelter.

"Nice and peaceful here," he ventured presently.

"It's hell!" said the Whiskery Man.

"Pardon?" said Griggs.

"It's hell!" the Whiskery Man repeated.

To which Griggs didn't know what to say.

The Whiskery Man pulled out his pipe and glared at it.

"Never retire!" he said violently.

"Never retire?" said Griggs.

"No!" roared the Whiskery Man. "Never! It's a mug's game. I know. I've retired."

"Yes?" said Griggs.

"I thought it would be dandy," the Whiskery Man went on. "Your time your own and do what you like with it. Your own master. Perfect. Is it!"

He began to fill his pipe.

He tapped Griggs's knee.

"I'M rusting at every joint," he said. "I don't know whether I shall go mad or fall to bits first. Not a damn soul to speak to all day long, and then at night, when you could have a bit of a do, the other chaps have to get to bed early to catch their trains next morning. It's wicked!"

"I suppose it is," Griggs agreed.

"Never retire," said the Whiskery Man, "until everybody you know can retire with you. Do it all together or don't do it."

He stuck his pipe back between his teeth.

"You feel so *useless*," he said. "Rust . . ." And then, snatching his pipe out again: "Blast my uncle!"

"Blast your uncle?" said Griggs

"Australia," said the Whiskery Man. "Left me his dough. Else I never could have retired. Only a working chap. Worked all my life. And now I'm no use. *Rusting*. I tell you, I can't stand it much longer."

"Well, will you come and have a drink?" said Griggs.

"Ah," said the Whiskery Man.

That night in his bedroom Griggs made up his mind to see more of the Whiskery Man. It would be, he told himself, an act of charity.

But the next day the public shelter was empty, and the Whiskery Man never sat there again.

★ ★ ★

On a hiking holiday that autumn Griggs came, late at night, to a red light on an empty road. Behind the red light, in a little hut, sat a shirt-sleeved man, minding a hole in the road

He sat there staring, staring, staring at nothing, his arms folded high up, his pipe stuck up at an angle. There was a happy smile on his face.

"Oh, it's you!" said Griggs.

"Oh, it's *you*!" said the Whiskery Man. "Yes, I packed it up and came back to the job I've had for thirty year and more. I couldn't stick it any longer, I wasn't any *use*. I was *rusting*.

"But I'm all right again now. You've *got* to be busy on this earth. Or rust away. I'm all right now."

HOW TO FIX SILVER LININGS

I SOMETIMES meet a man (we'll call him Smith) who won't look at a silver lining at any price. If it looks like being sunny he puts on his raincoat. When he plants a seed in his garden he says good-bye to it.

You might think that he had the most depressing attitude to life, if you didn't know him well. But he calls himself an optimist.

Indeed, I have heard him describe himself as the most optimistic man on earth.

★ ★ ★

There's a lot in his arguments, too.

If you don't put on your raincoat (he'll tell you), then it is sure to rain. But if you do put it on you are sure of a grand sunny day.

If you expect a marrow that will beat all local records you are as likely as not to grow the most depressing little thing that has ever been seen.

If you go around worrying about when the lightning will strike you, you never get struck. But if you go around bragging that *you* are sure to be all right, the probability is that you will be struck dead before to-morrow.

And, give Smith his due, things do seem to happen that way.

Anticipate the worst, and what you get will be lovely: that has become Smith's motto. And though you might find him most depressing to be with when he is anticipating the worst, it has to be admitted that on the whole things do turn out lovely for him.

When he goes on a holiday he tells the world it is certain to rain all the time, and he takes raincoats, umbrellas and gumboots. And nobody ever has more sunshine on a holiday than Smith.

If he has a pain in his interior, he at once anticipates an operation. So that when it turns out to be merely chronic indigestion the relief is so great that he actually *enjoys* having chronic indigestion. I have never known a man get more fun out of chronic indigestion.

Anticipate the worst, and what you get will be lovely. . . . It is a philosophy, when you come to think about it.

And although practising his philosophy makes Smith *look* a depressing fellow, behind it all he *is* one of the happiest men alive, I should think. I should think he must be. He says he is, anyway.

"I am happy," he says, "because I never expect to be. I always look forward to unhappiness. And it always turns out so very much better than I expected that I am in a continual state of happiness as a result."

But I have not yet completely adopted Smith's philosophy. I'm not quite certain about it.

★ ★ ★

For instance, during the Great Peace, Smith must have been looking forward to these present years of war. Look forward to misery and you get fun. . . .

Yes, well. If the mess the world is in is the fun that Smith has got, *what possible kind of misery must he have been looking forward to during the Great Peace?*

He called himself an optimist then. He would have called me a pessimist.

A. G.

VOICE OF THE TROOPS

FUN or danger, the spirit of our lads is the same. Here's L.-Cpl A. E. Jones, a gunner, describing, quite casually, his "near-go" in the Middle East. He writes to his wife at Kenslowe Avenue, Nottingham:

We were shot up by a Jerry roving column. My truck was hit, and I caught a stray bullet in my arm. Unhappily my driver was killed.

The Jerry column was in such a hurry that they missed me . . . by the time I had "come to" and sorted myself out, the rest of our column had disappeared, so I set off on foot.

It was now dark, and I had little idea of direction, with the result that late that night I very nearly got mixed up with Jerry again!

Next day I laid low in a slit trench, but after many weary hours I made a dash for it, and eventually came across a deserted camp where I found some bully beef and biscuits, plus half a can of foul-tasting water.

I stayed there that day, and in the evening Indian Bren Gun Carriers picked me up. They fixed me up with food, a drop of rum and some blankets.

Next morning the M.O. attended to my arm, and I was sent down the line to hospital.

Incidentally, the Jerry column which shot us up was eventually wiped out. I think Bert was captured the day I was wounded.

BELIEVE OR NOT!

And here's the bit of fun from Gunner D. Crowley, now in a Canadian Army Hospital in this country. In a letter to his nephew at Greensland, Co. Antrim, he insists that the yarn is true:

The Major took it into his head to pay a surprise visit after dark.

It happened that we had a new chap on guard: a bit of a stooge, who wasn't wise to the regulations.

When the Major got out of his car and peered into the darkness, things started well, but——

"Halt! Who goes there?" came the challenge.

"Major ——," came the crisp reply.

Then a long awkward pause.

The sentry tried to think of something suitable to the occasion, but his brain was on leave, poor fellow.

By this time the Major was boiling over and burst out: "What the hell are you going to do, man; keep me standing here all night?"

The sentry was now completely flummoxed, and replied: "Sir, STAND AT EASE!"

What the Major said will not bear repeating:

Anyway, the sentry, poor fellow, will be peeling spuds for some days.

TO CHUNGKIN

Sgt. Scott, c/o Air Attache, Chungkin, China, served in Singapore and later in Burma. Now, after many months of silence, his father at Kennedy Drive, Airdrie, Lanark, has had this news:

Sorry not to have written sooner, but since the fall of Rangoon we have been busy trying to keep one jump ahead of the Japs.

I have now driven a lorry all along the Burma Road right to Chungkin itself, and it has been a great experience.

We are now stationed at ——, which is marked on the maps, but why I don't know. It is a place of high prices and higher smells. We get on very well with the Chinese, who are fine people.

The white people here are very good to us, and have opened a club where we can have a game or two, read, write, and get a well-cooked meal at a reasonable price.

Went to the local "flicks" yesterday —and what a show! The film did not keep the same speed two minutes on end, with the result that it sounded like a gramophone record running down and starting up again. The Chinese seem to like it that way.

I lost my kit on the road up, but I have a pair of slacks and a tunic. The Chinese cakes are good.

AND A FISHY ONE

After that you won't have much trouble in believing this story from Newfoundland. Sig. A. P. Mason, of the Royal Canadian Navy, tells it to his mother at Dinomic Street, Caernarvon, N. Wales:

A little fish, about six inches long, called Caplin, comes inshore just now.

There are shoals of them, and as they seek to escape from the bigger fish they come in right to the water's edge.

The fishermen take a horse and cart down to the beach and just shovel them up!

Yes, Ma! The finest fertiliser in the world, and delivered on the front doorstep free.

TEMPORARY SLUMP

L.A.C. Ford, R.A.F., writes home from the Middle East to his parents at Uxbridge Avenue, Clayton, Manchester, to explain a little delay:

Sorry I can't reply by cable, but owing to the slump on Wall Street and elsewhere my shares are worth as much as the sand I walk on, hence I'm writing, not cabling.

When my finances improve I will send two telegrams a day, and a bucket and spade for you both, so that you can come and spend your vacation with me on these glorious sands of the desert.

Well, Ma, your spoilt child is having a time and a half out here, and I thrive in this climate. Things get a bit noisy at times, but all is well with your young hopeful. Cheerio!

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length — and all letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

TANK DOCTORS

Keeping the tanks fit in the Middle East is quite a job. Cpl. W. Sutton, R.A.S.C., tells friends at Whiddon Down, Okehampton, Devon, about it:

We have some risky moments. If the tanks are knocked out in the front line, we have to haul them back to be repaired. Believe me, we have our hectic moments, but it's all in the game. Anyhow, we have got to come out on top.

It is a tough job sometimes carting tanks up to the front line, but all the boys are cheerful.

I had a bit of leave and spent it in Cairo, which, after many months in the desert, with no habitation except Army camps, was a welcome change of scene.

And diet! In the desert we live mostly on bully beef and biscuits, varied by biscuits and bully beef, plus a quart of water a day. But we keep fit on it, and manage to enjoy life.

ALBERT'S STRIPE

And some more fun from Driver C. Clarkson, R.A.S.C., reporting the promotion of a friend, in a letter home to Delius Avenue, Eccleshill, Bradford:

Believe it or not, Albert has now been promoted to Lance-Corporal, and it was as big a shock to him as anybody. This news, when it filters through to Hitler, will make him take another bite at his carpet.

Albert insists that he is one of the few who have risen from the ranks on sheer ability, and without War Office special influence behind him. He now expects to reach the rank of Field-Marshal almost any time now.

I must see about some "stripes" myself. They can't keep a good man down much longer—that is if they want to win this war!

UNDER THE DESERT SUN

A fire in the desert under a blazing sun seems a sad waste of fuel, but a L.-Cpl. in the R.A. explains matters in a letter to his mother at Aberdeen:

The big news is a fire in the Desert. It was my fire, or at least it was my tent that went up in flames. The first I knew about it was the yelling. I dashed up to find that the cause of the excitement was my tent!

Of course, the lads thought it was amusing, as it wasn't theirs. We fought the flames as well as we could, but the fire won—not on points, but by a complete knockout.

Very little was left of my tent and personal property, except a few brass rings and some buttons.

Three days later, myself and three witnesses were sent twenty miles to a Court of Inquiry, and we spent the whole day there!

DANGEROUS BATHING

A.C.2 G. A. Adams, R.A.F., writes to his family at Clavell Road, Liverpool:

Last week we went to a beach some miles out of Bombay. We might have been in Hawaii. The lovely beach, fringed with palm trees, stretches for miles.

We bathed for a couple of hours and did not realise our danger until we stopped at a Forces canteen, where we were told of dangerous quicksands, sea-serpents and several types of stinging fish.

So we are choosing another bathing place.

The Monsoon has come, and does it rain! It falls in sheets, and mud is everywhere.

Still, after living in Liverpool all my life, I can stand the rain—it's quite home-like, in fact!

"He said he could not stand much more of it . . ."

THREE FAMILY WORRIES FOR HUMANIST

NATURALLY, when things do not work out as we hoped, it's only human to complain. Not that grumbling does any good—unless it relieves one's feelings.

But there's a world of difference between grumbling and nagging, for the nagger keeps saying the same thing over and over again.

"A workmate of mine," writes a reader, "told me the other day that to escape his wife's constant nagging he walked the streets, night after night, until bedtime.

"He said he could not stand much more of it: it was making him ill.

"I have known the man intimately for years, and I can vouch that he is one of the best. In fact, he is a gentleman in the best sense of the word.

"What attitude would you advise him to adopt towards his wife? Don't you think he should let her know who is the boss?"

It seems pretty clear who is "boss" in that house, but I don't think there should be a boss at all. Can't two people contrive to work together in peaceful partnership without one trying to dominate and domineer?

Of course, the man ought to assert himself and put an end to the nagging, but I doubt whether he is the sort who could.

He will probably go on being henpecked and browbeaten for the rest of his life.

In the old days the woman who was notorious for nagging was put on the ducking-stool and publicly immersed in the village pond. That sort of barbarism

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

HAVING closed down for part of their permitted hours of opening because they had nothing to sell, Minehead hotel proprietors have now been ordered to keep open for the full period. This means waste of staff, light and fuel.—W. J. Rundle, Minehead.

★ ★ ★

There are all sorts of salvage campaigns —why not collect old boots and shoes, so that they can be used for repairs? There must be millions of pairs waiting for collection.—Miss M. S., Perthshire.

★ ★ ★

I bought a penny card of thread, and received a bill (enclosed) measuring 7½ in. by 4½ in. A perfect example of senseless waste of paper.—C. White, Kellas Street, Glasgow.

All land owned by local authorities should be denuded of dead timber, and the sawn logs sent to institutions. That would save fuel.—Mr. A. Race, Sheffield.

★ ★ ★

The Government requisitioned several farms at —— and arranged for the harvesting of corn crops. No arrangements were made for the gathering of fruit and vegetables from the now deserted farm gardens and orchards, and this valuable food is allowed to rot.—Mr. E. W. Gilks, Dorchester.

★ ★ ★

Watch your change! There is an epidemic of short change in shops, cafés, post offices. It may be carelessness, or something worse. So watch out.—Mrs. R. Nicholson, Bedford.

★ Every week Humanist tackles a postbag of human problems and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

has gone, but the nagging which preceded it still remains.

The misery created by the nagger ruins the happiness of many a home, but no really intelligent woman would allow herself to keep on saying the same thing time after time for years on end.

If the man left a nagging wife he would have to support her, but at least he would have some peace of mind.

A WOMAN'S letter reminds me of another kind of nuisance:

"Must one suffer fools if those fools are members of the husband's family?

"I have borne patiently with my in-laws, but the effect on my nerves is awful. They don't know how they annoy me, and they take my home so much for granted that anyone would think it was theirs.

"They just soak up my precious time with their futile presence, yet I cannot do anything about it without creating friction between my husband and myself.

"Is there anything I can do in this vicious circle?"

Apparently the choice is between two evils—a quarrel with the husband or the continual company of his relatives. If she does not want to upset her husband she has to endure his family.

But surely she is not tied to the house all the time?

I suggest that she makes some friends whose company she can appreciate and goes out at least a couple of evenings every week. She could join a dramatic society, a choral class, a reading circle, attend a course of lectures, help in a canteen, do some work for the W.V.S. or A.R.P.

The letter is a trifle vague. The writer does not explain how the in-laws annoy her.

Do they express opinions that infuriate her? Do they talk scandal? Or do they talk inanities through sheer ignorance?

The conversation of uneducated or half-educated people is often interesting. The type I can't stand is the affected—people who pose and talk pretentiously, people who cannot be their natural selves.

HERE is another letter which comes from a man who is worried about his fourteen-year-old son:

"He has formed an affection for our next-door neighbour. She is an attractive married woman of twenty-five, and he is always hanging around her asking to do favours for her.

"We treated it as a joke at first, but it has gone beyond a joke. I actually believe he is jealous of the woman's husband! I am glad to say that she discourages him as much as she can, but without producing any effect."

It is an unusual problem for a lad of that age. A young boy often "falls for" an adult woman when he is about seven, but by the time he is twelve he has no time for the other sex at all. His indifference generally lasts till he is sixteen or more.

The lad must be very persistent. Discouragement from the woman herself ought to have ended the infatuation at the outset, and ridicule at home is usually more than sufficient.

What that boy really needs is companionship with other lads of the same age. Let him join a boys' club. If he has left school, let him join some evening classes.

A hobby would be invaluable at his age, particularly a creative sort of hobby like woodwork, sketching, or painting.

When Towns Fight to the Death

By VICTOR SCHIFF

Who went three times to Madrid when it was holding Franco's army, bolstered by Germans and Italians, at bay. It was the curtain-raiser of the epic of Stalingrad and, before that, Leningrad. Yet it was something Hitler overlooked when he planned his war

I WAS not surprised at the German failure to take Leningrad in 1941.

And I am not surprised at the unbelievable stubbornness with which Stalingrad has held out against the Nazis in 1942.

For I visited beleaguered Madrid three times in the Spanish Civil War—at three crucial stages.

And what is astonishing to me is that the German High Command, which learned so many valuable lessons from the Spanish rehearsal of the present world-war, should have forgotten that its new technique of warfare fails dismally against a big city courageously held.

For remember—*bravely defended* Madrid never fell to an attacker.

Political Collapse

It was when it ceased to be defended—after the breakdown of Republican resistance in Catalonia, which was followed by a general political collapse—that the troops of Franco were able, tamely, to enter a capital that had resisted their fiercest onslaughts.

It was six years ago that my duties as war correspondent first took me to Spain's capital.

Madrid's fall was regarded by all military experts, particularly the German generals then starting to add the theories of *blitzkrieg* to the military manuals, as a matter of a few days, if not hours.

Franco's vanguard swept on and on to what it thought was certain conquest of the city.

It reached the western and southern suburbs of the city. The Republican Government left for Valencia.

I was one of the few correspondents who said, even in those critical moments, that Madrid would not fall.

It would not fall, I prophesied, because success would cost Franco 100,000 men—or half his army. And I didn't think he would pay the price.

This view of mine was no partisan one. My own anti-Fascism hadn't made me rash in conjecture.

Nor was it based entirely on what I saw of the grim mood of the defenders

I was mostly impressed by the extremely clever system of street-defence fortifications which had grown, all within a few days, in those western and southern districts through which Franco was determined to pass.

Well, that tide of men swept on the barricades—and broke.

Wiser Decision

The cross-fire from countless improvised barricades, trenches and pill-boxes wilted morale as well as numbers. Losses were, indeed, tremendous.

So Franco's army fell back, deciding that it were wiser to outflank, encircle and besiege a big city than to storm it.

But, thanks particularly to an Anglo-American battalion of the International Brigade, they couldn't even encircle the city.

Because that battalion held a vital ridge to the south-east of Madrid, a life-line was maintained with Valencia and the outside world.

I went back to Madrid three months later—at Christmas, 1936.

I went back to those improvised street fortifications. What a change!

They had grown into a most scientifically worked-out system of front-line defences it had been my lot to witness.

Every street corner, every alley, every obstruction, every house, every yard, even every window, was playing its part in that vast web of defence.

I went away saying: "Madrid will never be taken, except by hunger."

It was a year later that I returned.

The life-line to Valencia had by then been improved immensely.

And those remarkable street fortifications had been still more improved.

And, well—Madrid was never taken against bravely resisting defenders.

This lesson of Madrid seemed to have been completely forgotten by everybody in the first three years of this war.

The French, so eager that the heavy-booted Nazi legions should not sweep like a fire through their Paris, forgot it—and let the city they loved go undefended.

But everybody seemed to forget—the Germans included.

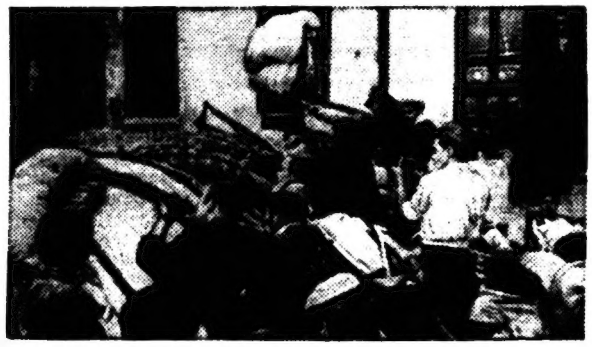
They swept towards Leningrad, expecting quick conquest—banking that it would provide winter quarters for Nazi troops.

But the gallant defenders showed so much determination in defending its approaches, using every building, demolished or otherwise, as a fort, that the Germans thought again.

They renounced their idea of storming it, as Franco had done at Madrid.

They thought that by encircling it, as they did when they captured Schusselburg in the east, they might win with famine as their ally, and with fewer losses.

But winter came, and across frozen Lake Ladoga a life-line was established through which sufficient stocks of food and munitions poured into Leningrad for another year at least.



People of Madrid fought in the streets with anything on which they could lay their hands

Didn't Work Out

But the German High Command still forgets. The next summer it turned to Stalingrad.

It announced the day when the Panzers would roll back all opposition and raise the Swastika over what remained of the city.

And, duly, the Panzers swept up to outer suburbs of Stalingrad cock-a-hoop for quick victory.

Tanks, heavy guns, dive bombers—there was to be perfect co-operation and synchronisation between them, and the result was to be certain.

But it just didn't work out.

It wasn't so easy to dive-bomb with both sides so inextricably mixed that a bomb or bullet intended for a foe was just as likely to kill a friend.

Tanks, while not completely useless in street fighting, were bound to suffer cruel losses.

Their crews knew more or less where to expect opposition in open country.

But among the hideous mounds of those destroyed suburbs, destruction lurked everywhere.

To slow down for any barricade in a city of barricades was to find yourself at the core of a grid of artillery and other fire from the right, the left—and ahead.

The attackers' artillery suffers from the same handicap as the dive-bombers. Seeking to kill foes, it must kill friends.

Infantry's Job

And, like the tanks, it can only advance—and advance, after all, is the key to attack—with death and destruction lying in wait for it everywhere.

So infantrymen must bear the brunt of the assault.

And at Stalingrad—as at Madrid—the man with the rifle cannot be expected, hour after hour, day after day, week after week, to clamber over bodies of his own dead to meet the death that must be waiting for him, somewhere.

I prophesied at Madrid. I will prophesy again.

Whether Hitler will finally succeed in conquering the ruins of Stalingrad, or whether he will have to raise the siege, it is still impossible to tell.

But, whatever the result, the consequences for the German army will be terrible.

Franco did not dare to pay the price. Hitler has dared—and it is a far, far bigger price.

That price will prove too much.

THE VISION

OUR shopping bags mean Ships these days, just think that way, my dears. Think in terms of Lives of Men, of all the sacrifice of convoys that get through.

THINK as One good Housewife thought, who saw this vision strange, when a shadow fell upon her floor close to her oven range. And she thought she heard a muffled moan as her kitchen door swung wide, to reveal a wounded Sailor, heavily laden, outside.

"COME in," she cried, "put down your load," but he turned to fetch still more, then he gasped, and fell, and, smiling, lay dead on her kitchen floor!

AND now that Housewife saves each crumb as if it were gold. She's proud that her scanty shopping bag should no extra Death-Loaf hold. And when she hears some folk complain that they can't get food galore, she prays in silent gratitude for the Sailor her soul once saw. J. M.

DON'T BE A CARELESS LISTENER!

CARELESS LISTENING COSTS VALVES

Of course he's busy, but not too busy to switch the radio off . . . he's not *listening*. He's not only wasting electricity, but he's giving his valves unnecessary work.

Even the best valves won't last for ever. Like so many other things, radio valves are now on active service, so cherish those you have got. They may be very difficult to replace when they wear out. *When you're not listening—SWITCH OFF.*

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LAST LAUGH

N. D. (Hoxton).—"I have been a milkman in London for many years without having a holiday, and on a recent trip to the country I had a very thrilling experience." You met a cow face to face?

D. B. Y. (Hull).—"I was trying to eat some pastry my wife had made when a collector knocked at the door and wanted to know if we had any rubber for salvage." How on earth did he know your wife had been making pastry?

D. H. (Heston).—"I fell down the complete length of a Tube escalator, but was quite unhurt." Well, if you know any funny stories you should make an ideal commercial traveller.

A. P. N. (Kenton).—"I plan to lose contact with the world in a picturesque old country cottage." A very selfish view to take. We hope you hit your head a good hard bump on one of the old oak beams.

D. S. (Sutton).—"It has been noticed that most M.P.s arrive at the House on foot." After all, *they* haven't an extra sixpence a day to squander on taxis.

N. N. (Frinton).—"It has been a good year for most vegetables." Although some amateur gardeners are now declaring that their idea from the start was to grow outdoor tomatoes solely for green tomato chutney.

E. N. (Barnet).—"Many people are smoking their own kippers at home." Our neighbour's pipe suggests that he smokes his in the garden!

Mrs. C. (Ayr).—"My husband is fond of figures." In ledgers, or bathing-costumes?

D. S. (Sheffield).—"The Ministry of Fuel urges that everybody should use not more than five inches of water in a bath." In the case of a really fat man five inches of water in a bath is not enough to reach him.

N. M. (Cheam).—"A vet. friend of mine completely cured my indigestion with a mixture of his own." You must have a constitution like a horse.

W. P. (Rye).—"It is adequate punishment for a small boy to send him up to bed and not allow him to hear the wireless programme." But it's awkward when the family radio mechanic has to be hurriedly forgiven because the set has broken down.

BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER WITH THE COMMANDOS

"He's wild because he wasn't considered good enough for the Dieppe 'do,' sir. Sez he'll be in the next raid or bust."

Side-Slips

NEWCASTLE EVENING CHRONICLE.—"Two post offices at —— were looted and one KILLED. . . ."

SUNDAY CHRONICLE.—"A Reuter Moscow message says three Soviet submarines returned yesterday to a Baltic port after INKING nine German transports. . . ."

BIRMINGHAM MAIL. — "Kidney beans and PEACE are marked at 6d. per lb."

THE TELEGRAPH AND ARGUS.—". . . appeared at Bradford to-day, alleged to have stolen ten sacks of ground HUTS, valued at £14 10s."

EVENING EXPRESS.—"A woman who was knocked off her FLEET by blast. . . ."

GREATEST OF THESE

● "My rent is 6s. 1d. a week. I owe 12s. and have been served with a notice to quit if I do not pay," writes John Pettifer, of Northants.

This man was passed A1 and served seven months in the Army. His conduct was good and he carried out his duties in a satisfactory manner. Discharged suffering from dizziness and bad attacks of asthma, he is now unable to work regularly. Hence his present plight.

With an ailing wife and three young children to keep—another soon expected—this man is very nervy and worried how he is to pay his way and keep his family fed and clothed on his small income.

We know that we can rely on generous readers to send donations to help this man, whose health has been so sadly impaired by war service. Letters earmarked "Barry," or for our General Fund, should be sent to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, and we are equally grateful to those who send to us anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

Every penny you send will be passed to those in need, for all administration expenses are borne by JOHN BULL.

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£5 : E. A. Grogan, 349, Forton Rd., Gosport, Hants.
Journey To Victory—Shorter Via Shorter Viands.

£4 : M. C. Robb, 22, Onward Rd., Balham, S.W.17.
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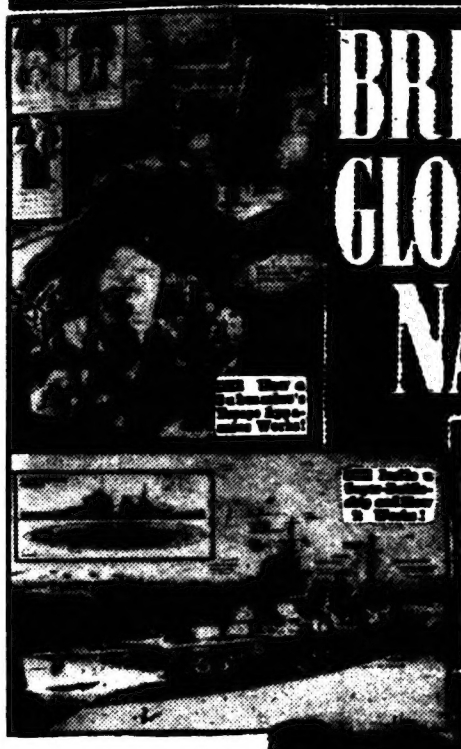

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Some letters say a lot in a few words—this is one of them. This lady, writing from Bristol, is determined to benefit fellow-sufferers. She says: "*When I read about people saying how wonderful Fynnon Salt is, I think to myself 'Don't I know.' I had rheumatism . . . I have spent a lot of money trying to get better but I cannot beat Fynnon Salt. I have told lots of people and believe me they have thanked me.*"

Fynnon Salt contains the natural salts of Sodium, Potassium, and Lithium. That's why Fynnon Salt can wash away rheumatic acids and effect such grand recoveries. Large tin of Fynnon Salt 1/6 at all chemists, Trial size 7d. *Prices include Purchase Tax.* As a wartime economy Fynnon Salt is now packed in a round tin.

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LOSE YOURSELF in COMPETITIONS—and WIN!

£125 PRIZES VALUE 1 WEEK X-WORD £100 1st PRIZE RUNNERS-UP PRIZES VALUE £25

For result of Xword No. 294, see page 14; to win in this week's Competition, study Clues carefully and enter on coupon below.

TRY John Bull's 10 MINUTE X WORD No. 298

	CLUES Answer every clue by ordering letter in entry column.	3d Entry-fee for 1 Col.				3d	3d	3d
1	IT'S QUITE COMMON FOR A FRACTIOUS HORSE TO BE	C	U	R	E D			
2	YOU CAN PAY TOO DEARLY FOR THIS	F	O	O	I N G			
3	CONTAINS CONSIDERABLE AMOUNT OF SHELL	G	R	A				
4	WON'T LAST LONG UNLESS COOL				C E			
5	MANY PLAYS WRITTEN A FEW YEARS AGO ARE THIS TO-DAY		D	A	I N G			
6	MAY BE A NUISANCE ON TUBE	R	U	S				
7	SOLDIERS OUGHT NOT TO HOLD THEIRS LIGHTLY		L	I	E S			
8	MANY MEN WOULD BE SURPRISED TO LEARN COST OF BOWLING ONE		H	O	S E			
9	WHITE FEATHERS OFTEN SEEN IN THIS				I N G			
10	SOME ROGUES ONLY DO THEIR BEST WHEN TIME RISES	D	A	N	E R			
11	SOMETIMES LIES IN WOOD		S	P				
12	TOURING ACTOR MIGHT WELL BE USED TO DIFFERENT ONES				I G S			
13	WE OURSELVES COULD WELL DO WITH SOME OF THESE	E	X	P	R T S			
14	EAST WIND IS WORSE WHEN		B	I	I N G			

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette," dated Oct. 31.

P.O. Value..... CLOSING POSTMARK

No. ..... MONDAY, OCT. 19

Signed .....

Address .....

298.

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE.

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY With Xwords you may enclose "Bullets"—one entry-fee covers both entries.

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues practised, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie on two. Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Result in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated November 7, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally-binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

£200 for BULLETS

FIRST PRIZE £50 FOR 23 or 4 WORDS

£20 £10 £5 £4 £3 £2 38/- 36/- 34/- 32/- 30/- 20 of 10/- 50 of 2/6 etc. 1000 MERIT AWARDS

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. Joy Wire Day—Friday, Oct. 30.

WORLD AT WAR
WHEN THE BLOW FALLS
WE TRUST
THIS TIME
RUSSIA'S WAY
TO KEEP WARM
TAXPAYER'S PRIVILEGE
OLD BILL'S SON
SURPRISE FOR THE DOUGHBOY
OVER HERE

BULLETS 1,342 RESULT appears on page 14

IRON WILL
WORDS ARE CHEAP, SO
HEARD IN THE TRAIN
BABY YELLED AND
DANGER AHEAD
CORPORAL CLARA
IN THE CONFUSION
ON MUNITIONS
MOTHER'S PRECIOUS
IN THE HALL OF FAME

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

TO DEFEND .....
LAST OF THE .....
NOT TO BE .....
MIRACLE OF .....
IN ALL THE .....
MAN WITHOUT .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets I am entering, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin, dated October 31.

P.O. Value .....
No. .....
Closing Postmark Monday, Oct. 19.

Signed .....

Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" No. 1,342 or Xword No. 298, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp).

Here's a food that's

STILL LESS THAN PRE-WAR PRICE

BOURNVILLE

THE 5-STAR

COCOA

5D PER QTR. LB.

★ EXTRA FOOD VALUE
★ IRON—THE BLOOD ENRICHER
★ PHOSPHATES—FOR HEALTHY GROWTH
★ AID TO DIGESTION
★ VITAMIN B—VITAL TO HEALTH

"If you are writing to Jack, Mother, tell him to go easy with that tin of Cherry Blossom Boot Polish we are sending, as the supply is limited."

"I've told him that he must make it last twice as long now. And I've added a P.S.—Just listen—"

"P.S.—P stands for Polish and S for Shoes You save them both when 'Cherry Blossom' you use."

"How clever of you, Mother —so true too."

CB/XH

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245-249-250, TOTTENHAM COURT RD., LONDON, W.1
MANCHESTER, 1: 26, 28, 30, OLDHAM STREET;
GLASGOW, C.2: 19-25, SAUCHIEHALL STREET,
200 Other Branches
CALL AT NEAREST BRANCH

POST COUPON TO-DAY

Please send special Catalogue also details and conditions of the Protection Scheme. Please ask representative to call.

(Cross out which does not apply)

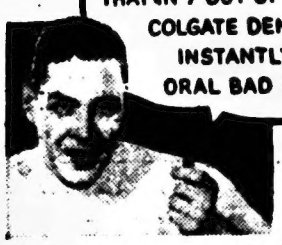
NAME
ADDRESS

J.B.10.10.42

BUT WOULD YOU WANT TO KISS HER *Twice?*

The girl who has bad breath may seem made for kissing—until she's kissed. So don't take any chances. Use Colgate Dental Cream—the toothpaste that cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth.

TESTS PROVE CONCLUSIVELY THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES COLGATE DENTAL CREAM INSTANTLY STOPS ORAL BAD BREATH.

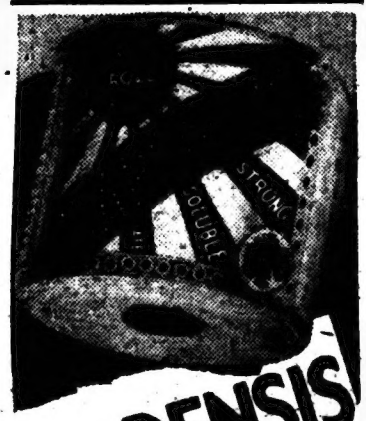


You can see for yourself how Colgate's brightens your teeth, giving you a more attractive, more sparkling smile! You will enjoy its flavour. It's such a *pleasant* way to combat bad breath.

"Colgate's active *penetrating* foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth... helps clean out decaying food particles and stop odour-breeding deposits that cause much bad breath."

YOU'LL SIMPLY ADORE THE FRESH FLAVOUR OF COLGATES

THE LARGEST TUBE AT THE PRICE 1/1 *Including Tax*



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Try 'ASPRO' for Headaches Feverish Colds Rheumatic Twinges Sleeplessness Nervousness etc.

'ASPRO' offers you it's HELP!

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Mrs. J. A., of Harrogate, writes:—

"'ASPRO' tablets help a lodger who is on war work and finds it hard to keep on but 'ASPROS' tide her over and she wouldn't be without them."

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